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# BELL's EDITION.

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THE

# *DRAMATICK WRITINGS*

OF

# WILL. SHAKSPERE,

*With the Notes of all the various Commentators;*

Printed Complete from the best Editions of

*SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.*

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Volume the Fourth.

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CONTAINING

*KING JOHN.*
*RICHARD II.*
*MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.*
*ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.*

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LONDON:

*Printed for, and under the Direction of,*

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

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MDCC LXXXVI.

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M. Brown del. from a Portrait by Mr. Stewart. Woodman Sculp.

Mr. HOLMAN in FAULCONBRIDGE.

"Austria's Head lie there"

Printed for John Cawthorn, No. 5, Catherine Street, Strand, Feb. 22. 1806.

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Bell's Edition.

# *KING JOHN,*

BY

# Will. Shakspere:

*Printed Complete from the TEXT of*

*SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,*

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes,
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

*LONDON:*

PRINTED FOR

JOHN CAWTHORN, NO. 5, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND,

BOOKSELLER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1811.

Printed by D. Deans,
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# OBSERVATIONS

## ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

# *KING JOHN.*

*THE Troublesome Reign of King John* was written in two parts, by W. Shakspere and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it. POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakspere in any play. *King John* was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play in its present form, is that of 1623, in fol. The edition of 1591 I have not seen. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes when he says there is no mention in Rowley's works of any conjunction with Shakspere: the *Birth of Merlin* is ascribed to them jointly; though I cannot believe Shakspere had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capel is equally mistaken when he says (pref. p. 15.) that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of the *Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded; I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first *King John:* and when Shakspere's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with W. Sh. in the title-page. FARMER.

The first edition of *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King*

*of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's base Son, vulgarly named the Bastard Faulconbridge; also the Death of King John at Swinstead-Abbey—As it was (sundry Times) publickly acted by the Queen's Majestie's Players in the honourable Citie of London.* Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, 1591—has no author's name in the title. On the republication in 1611, the printer who inserted the letters W. Sh. in order to conceal his fraud, omitted the words—*publickly—in the honourable Citie of London*, which he was aware would proclaim this play not to be Shakspere's *King John;* the company to which he belonged, having no *publick* theatre in London: that in Black-Friars being a private play-house, and the Globe, which was a publick theatre, being situated in Southwark. He also, probably with the same view, omitted the following lines addressed *to the Gentlemen Readers*, which are prefixed to the first edition of the old play:

" You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
" Have entertain'd *the Scythian Tamburlaine*,
" And given applause unto an infidel;
" Vouchsafe to welcome, with like curtesie,
" A warlike Christian and your countryman.
" For Christ's true faith indur'd he many a storme,
" And set himselfe against the man of *Rome*,
" Until base treason by a damned wight
" Did all his former triumphs put to flight.
" Accept of it, sweete gentles, in good sort,
" And think it was prepar'd for your disport."

From the mention of *Tamburlaine*, I conjecture that Marlowe was the author of the old *King John*. If it was written by a person of the name of Rowley, it probably was the composition of that " *Maister Rowley*," whom Meres mentions in his *Wits Treasury*, 1598, as " once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke-Hall, in Cambridge." W. Rowley was a player in the King's Company, so late as the year 1625, and can hardly be supposed to have introduced a play thirty-four years before. MALONE.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed not only in the conduct, but sometimes in the expressions throughout the following historical dramas; viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard*

*Richard* II. *Henry* IV. 2 parts, *Henry* V. *Henry* VI. 3 parts, *Richard* III. and *Henry* VIII.

"A booke called *The Hystorie of Lord Faulconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelion*," was entered at Stationer's-Hall, Nov. 29, 1614: but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play on the same subject. For the original *K. John*, see *Six old Plays on which Shakspere founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

Though this play hath the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only some transactions of his reign at the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years. THEOBALD.

The tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspere, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit. JOHNSON.

There is extant another play of *King John*, published in 1611. Shakspere has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as some of the lines. A few of these I have pointed out in the notes, and others I have omitted as undeserving notice. What most inclines me to believe it was the work of some contemporary writer, is the number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over it. There is likewise a quantity of rhiming Latin, and ballad-metre, in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery; and some strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of Shakspere.

Of this historical drama there is said to have been an edition in 1591 for Sampson Clark, but I have never seen it; and the copy in 1611, which is the oldest I could find, was printed for John Helme, whose name appears before no other of the pieces of Shakspere. I admitted this play some years ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I published from the old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposes me to recede from that opinion. STEEVENS.

## Dramatis Personæ.

### *MEN.*

*King* JOHN.
*Prince* HENRY, *Son to the King.*
ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.*
PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, HUBERT, BIGOT, } *English Lords.*
FAULCONBRIDGE, *Bastard Son to Richard the First.*
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *Half Brother to the Bastard.*
JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.*
PETER OF POMFRET, *a Prophet.*
PHILIP, *King of France.*
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
*Arch-Duke of Austria.*
*Cardinal* PANDULPHO, *the Pope's Legate.*
MELUN, *a French Lord.*
CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

### *WOMEN.*

ELINOR, *Queen Mother of England.*
CONSTANCE, *Mother to Arthur.*
BLANCH, *Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and Niece to King John.*
*Lady* FAULCONBRIDGE, *Mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.*

*Citizens of Algiers, Heralds, Executioners, Messengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

*The* SCENE, *sometimes in England: and sometimes in France.*

# KING JOHN.

## *ACT I. SCENE I.*

*Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace. Enter King* JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, *and* SALISBURY, *with* CHATILLON.

*King John.*

Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

*K. John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

*Chat.* Philip of France in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,

Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.
*K. John.* What follows, if we disallow of this?
*Chat.* The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.
*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment; so answer France.
*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.
*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;—
Pembroke, look to't:—Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt* CHAT. *and* PEM.
*Eli.* What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
'Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
*K. John.* Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

*Eli.*

*Eli.* Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers* ESSEX.

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

*K. John.* Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay.

*Re-enter Sheriff with* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP, *his Brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

*Phil.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

*Phil.* Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame
thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
*Phil.* I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!
*K. John.* A good blunt fellow.—Why, being
younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
*Phil.* I know not why, except te get the land.
But once he slandered me with bastardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father and this son like him;—
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.
*K. John.* Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven
lent us here!
*Eli.* He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?
*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his
parts,
And finds them perfect Richard. —— Sirrah,
speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!
*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much—
*Phil.* Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employed my mother.
*Rob.* And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay
(As I have heard my father speak himself),
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world?
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.
*Rob.* Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?
*Phil.* Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.
*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?
*Phil.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuft; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.
*Eli.* I like thee well: Will thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.
*Phil.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:

Your

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year:
Yet sell your face for five-pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me, thither.
*Phil.* Our country manners give our betters way.
*K. John.* What is thy name?
*Phil.* Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
*Phil.* Brother by the mother's side give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.
*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.
*Phil.* Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
*K. John.* Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
Come,

Come, madam, and come Richard! we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.
*Phil.* Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee,
For thou was got i' the way of honesty!
[*Exeunt all but* PHILIP.
A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
*Good den, Sir Richard—God-a-mercy, fellow;*
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversing. Now your traveller—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My piked man of countries:——*My dear Sir*
(Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin)
*I shall beseech you*—That is question now;
And then comes answer like an ABC-book:—
*O Sir*, says answer, *at your best command;*
*At your employment, at your service, Sir:—*
*No, Sir*, says question; *I, sweet Sir, at yours:*
And so, e'er answer knows what question would
(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And taking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Pö)
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation

(And

(And so am I, whether I smack, or no);
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

*Enter Lady* FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?
*Lady.* Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chase my honour up and down?
*Phil.* My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand, the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?
*Lady.* Sir Robert's son! Ay thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son; and so art thou.
*Phil.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?
*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.
*Phil.* Philip?—sparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* JAMES.
Madam,

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, to confess!
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy work:—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

*Lady.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

*Phil.* Knight, knight, good mother—Basilisco like!
What! I am dub'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: Who was it, mother?

*Lady.* Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge?

*Phil.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

*Lady.* King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed:—
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

*Phil.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam,

Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose—
Subjected tribute to commanding love——
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin;
And they shall say when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says, it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.
[*Exeunt.*

## *ACT II. SCENE I.*

*Before the walls of Angiers in France. Enter* PHILIP, *King of France,* LEWIS, *the Dauphin, the Arch-Duke of Austria,* CONSTANCE, *and* ARTHUR.

*Lewis.*

BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And,

And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither he is come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John;
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
*Arthur.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.
*Lewis.* A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?
*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
'Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even 'till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even 'till that utmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her king: 'till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.
*Const.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
'Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

*Aust.*

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
*K. Phil.* Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.——
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
*Const.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd yor stain your swords with blood,
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter* CHATILLON.

*K. Phil.* A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.——
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.
*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother queen,

An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:
And all the unsettled humour of the land—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragon's spleens—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums
[*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

*K. Phil.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

*Aust.* By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King* JOHN, FAULCONBRIDGE, ELINOR, BLANCH, PEMBROKE, *and others.*

*K. John.* Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent do correct
Their

Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven!

*King Phil.* Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and for that England's sake,
With burthen of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought its lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced instant state; and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

*K. Phil.* From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:

Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

*K. John.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

*K. Phil.* Excuse it; 'tis to beat usurping down

*Eli.* Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France

*Const.* Let me make answer;—Thy usurping son.

*Eli.* Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world

*Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a basbard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

*Eli.* There's a good mother, boy, that blot thy father.

*Const.* There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

*Aust.* Peace!

*Faulc.* Hear the crier.

*Aust.* What the devil art thou?

*Faulc.* One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

*Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

*Faul*

*Faulc.* It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.
*Aust.* What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.
*K. Phil.* Women, and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
*K. John.* My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.
*Eli.* Come to thy grandam, child.
*Const.* Do, child, go to it' grandam, child:
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.
*Arth.* Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.
*Eli.* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
*Const.* Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames!

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.
*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is the eldest son's son,
Unfortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
*K. John.* Bedlam, have done.
*Const.* I have but this to say—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her. Plague her son; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her sins,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her: A plague upon her!
*Eli.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.
*Const.* Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a cankred grandam's will!

*K. Phil.*

*K. Phil.* Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.
[*Trumpets sound.*

*Enter Citizens on the Walls.*

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
*K. Phil.* 'Tis France, for England.
*K. John.* England, for itself:
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects—
*K. Phil.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
*K. John.* For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.——
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had

Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king——
Who, painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks;
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forweary'd in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

*K. Phil.* When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it: namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent

Against

Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

*Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

*K. John.* Acknowledge then the king and let me in.

*Cit.* That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; 'till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed—

*Faulc.* Bastards, and else.

*K. John.*—To verify our title with their lives.

*K. Phil.* As many, and as well-born bloods as those——

*Faulc.* Some bastards too.

*K. Phil.*

*K. Phil.*—Stand in his face to contradict h
claim.
*Cit.* 'Till you compound whose right is worth
est,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.
*K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of all thos
souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
*K. Phil.* Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers!
to arms!
*Faulc.* Saint George—that swing'd the dragon,
and e'er since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you. [*To* AUSTRIA.
*Aust.* Peace; no more.
*Faulc.* O, tremble! for you hear the lion roar.
*K. John.* Up higher to the plain; where we'll
set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.
*Faulc.* Speed then, to take advantage of the
field.
*K. Phil.* It shall be so;—and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE

## SCENE II.

*After Excursions, enter the Herald of France with Trumpets, to the Gates.*

*F. Her.* You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banner of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

*Enter English Herald, with Trumpets.*

*E. Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come

Our

Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

*Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at several Doors.*

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

*K. Phil.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks—
Before we will lay down by our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
*Faulc.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
Oh, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; 'till then, blows, blood, and death!
*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
*K. Phil.* Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?
*Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king.
*K. Phil.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
*Cit.* A greater power, than ye, denies all this;
And, 'till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.
*Faulc.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;

And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west, let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
'Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even 'till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air:
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again:
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well:—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

*Faulc.* An if thou hast the mettle of a king—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground

Why,

Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.
*K. Phil.* Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?
*K. John.* We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.
*Aust.* I from the north.
*K. Phil.* Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
*Faulc.* O prudent discipline! From north to south;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
[*Aside.*
I'll stir them to it: Come, away, away!
*Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persevere not, but hear me, mighty kings.
*K. John.* Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.
*Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is near to England: Look upon the years
Of Lewis the dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, oh say, he is not she:
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores or two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury, half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

*Faulc.* Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?

He

He speaks plain cannon, fire and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethumpt with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.
*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath,
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
*Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
*K. Phil.* Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: What say you?
*K. John.* If that the dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)

Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

*K. Phil.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

*Lewis.* I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
'Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

*Faulc.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:
If he sees aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will (to speak more properly)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this—that nothing do I see in you.

(Though

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge),
That I can find should merit any haste.
*K. John.* What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?
*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.
*K. John.* Speak then, prince dauphin; can you love this lady?
*Lewis.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.
*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.
*K. Phil.* It likes us well;—Young princes, close your hands.
*Aust.* And your lips too; for I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.
*K. Phil.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:—
Where is she and her son; tell me, who knows?
*Lewis.* She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

*K. Phil.*

*K. Phil.* And, by my faith, this league that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own 'vantage.
*K. John.* We will heal up all:
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but* FAULCONBRIDGE.

*Faulc.* Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France (whose armour conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier) rounded in the ear
With that same purpose changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pace of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
(Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that)
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity-

Com-

Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is pois'd well,
Made to run even upon even ground;
'Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*

## *ACT III. SCENE I.*

*The French King's Pavilion. Enter* CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

*Constance.*

GONE to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd; Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?

Be

Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
*Sal.* As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.
*Const.* Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch? Oh, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
*Sal.* What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?
*Const.* Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
*Arth.* I do beseech you, madam, be content.
*Const.* If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:

Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs:
France is a bawd to fortune, and King John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

*Sal.* Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

*Const.* Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Throws herself on the ground.*

*Enter King* JOHN, *King* PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* AUSTRIA.

*K. Phil.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;

Turning

Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holy-day.
*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holy-day!—
[*Rising.*
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done?
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!
*K. Phil.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day!
Have I not pawned to you my majesty?
*Const.* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which being touch'd, and try'd,
Proves valueless; You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens;
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, oh, hear me!

*Aust.* Lady Constance, peace.

*Const.* War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humourous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear'st a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* O, that a man would speak those words to me!

*Faulc.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life

*Faulc.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*K. John.* We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

*Enter* PANDULPH.

*K. Phil.* Here comes the holy legate of the pope.
*Pand.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
*K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories,
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.
*K. Phil.* Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

*K. John.* Though you, and all the kings of
Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish'd;
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

*Pand.* Then, by the lawful power that I have
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canoniz'd, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

*Const.* O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pand.* There's law and warrant, lady, for my
curse.

*Const.* And for mine too; when law can do
no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong?
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

*Pand.*

*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch heretick;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
*Const.* Look to that, devil; lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.
*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
*Faulc.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because——
*Faulc.* Your breeches best may carry them.
*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
*Const.* What should he say, but as the cardinal?
*Lewis.* Bethink you, father: for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.
*Blanch.* That's the curse of Rome.
*Const.* O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here.
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.
*Blanch.* The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
*Const.* Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle——

That faith will live again by death of need:
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trooden down.

*K. John.* The king is moved and answers not to this.

*Const.* O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

*Aust.* Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

*Faulc.* Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

*K. Phil.* I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

*Pand.* What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

*K. Phil.* Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength and sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace——
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands so lately purg'd of blood,

So

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so?
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

*K. Phil.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is't not amiss, when it is truly done?

And

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion:
By which thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion!

*Faulc.* Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

*Lewis.* Father, to arms!

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?

What,

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums—
Clamours of hell—be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—aye, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which 'till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

*Const.* Oh, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love? What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

*Const.* That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour? Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

*Lewis.* I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.

*K. Phil.* Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall from thee!

*Const.* O fair return of banish'd majesty!

*Eli.* O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

*Faulc.* Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

*Blanch.* The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day, adieu!

Which

Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive.
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

*Lewis.* Lady, with me: with me thy fortune lies.

*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance together.— [*Exit* FAULCONBRIDGE.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

*K. Phil.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

*K. John.* No more than he that threats—To arms, let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE

## *SCENE II.*

*A Field of Battle. Alarums, Excursions: Enter* FAULCONBRIDGE, *with* AUSTRIA'S *Head.*

*Faulc.* Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes.

*Enter King* JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

*K. John.* Hubert, keep this boy:— Philip, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

*Faulc.* My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE III.*

*Alarums, Excursions, Retreat. Re-enter King* JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, FAULCONBRIDGE, HUBERT, *and Lords.*

*K. John.* So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind, [*To* ELINOR.
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad: [*To* ARTHUR.
Thy

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

*Arth.* O, this will make my mother die with grief.

*K. John.* Cousin, away for England; haste before: [*To* FAULCONBRIDGE.
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarded abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon;
Use our commission in his utmost force.

*Faulc.* Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewell, gentle cousin.

*K. John.* Coz, farewell. [*Exit* FAULC.

*Eli.* Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*Taking him to one side of the Stage.*

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert.
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say——
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

*K. John.*

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven! and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes)
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despight of broad ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven I would do it.

*K. John.* Do not I know thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,

He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord!

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.——Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

*Eli.* My blessings go with thee!

*K. John.* For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE IV.*

*The French Court. Enter King* PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and Attendants.*

*K. Phil.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of collected sail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pand.* Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

*K. Phil.*

*K. Phil.* What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of France?
*Lewis.* What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
*K. Phil.* Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

*Enter* CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
*Const.* Lo now! now see the issue of your peace!
*K. Phil.* Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
*Const.* No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death!—Oh amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench: sound rottenness;
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms

And stop this gasp of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself?
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
Oh, come to me!

*K. Phil.* O fair affliction, peace.

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry
Oh that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow

*Const.* Thou art unholy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were?
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason;
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

*K. Phil.* Bind up those tresses: Oh, what lov
I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!

Wher

Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity!
*Const.* To England, if you will.
*K. Phil.* Bind up your hairs.
*Const.* Yes, that I will! And wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cry'd aloud,
*Oh that these hands could so redeem my son,*
*As they have given these hairs their liberty!*
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.——
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
*Const.* He talks to me, that never had a son.
*K. Phil.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her Head Dress.*
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*

*K. Phil.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

*Lewis.* There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought, but shame and bitterness.

*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

*Lewis.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pand.* If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost

In

In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?
*Lewis.* As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
*Pand.* Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore, mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The mis-plac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
*Lewis.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
*Pand.* You, in the right of Lady Blanch, your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did,
*Lewis.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
*Pand.* How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:
For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;

That

That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

*Lewis.* May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand.* O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
For England go: I will whet on th cking.

*Lewis.*

*Lewis.* Strong reasons make strong actions:
Let us go:
If you say, Ay, the king will not say, No.
[*Exeunt.*

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## *ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*England. Northampton. A Room in the Castle. Enter* HUBERT, *and Executioners.*

*Hubert.*

HEAT me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
*Exec.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.— [*Exeunt Executioners.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter* ARTHUR.

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.
*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.
*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.
*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.
*Arth.* Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body should be sad, but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not: And I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*
*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.
*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur—— [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*
Turning dispiteous torture out of door?
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
*Hub.* Young boy, I must.
*Arth.* And will you?
*Hub.* And I will.
*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,

I knit

I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time:
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench this fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's.

[HUBERT *stamps, and the Men enter.*

*Hub.*

*Hub.* Come forth; do as I bid you do.
*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
*Arth.* Alas, what need you he so boisterous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
*Exec.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt.*
*Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.
*Arth.* Is there no remedy?
*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.
*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.*

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes; See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
*Arth.* O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
*Hub.* Silence; no more: Go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE II.*

*The Court of England. Enter King* JOHN, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other Lords.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
*Pemb.* This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stain'd with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.
*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
*Pemb.* But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
*Sal.* In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
*Pem.* When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness:
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.
*K. John.* Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possessed you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear)

I shall endue you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.
*Pemb.* Then I (as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts),
Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
Your safety), for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choak his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise:
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.
*K. John.* Let it be so; I do commit his youth

*Enter* HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?
*Pemb.* This is the man should do the bloody
deed;
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his

Doth shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
*Sal.* The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
*Pemb.* And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.
*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead;
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.
*Sal.* Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.
*Pemb.* Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.
*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.
*Pemb.* Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breath of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: Bad world the while!

This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.
[*Exeunt.*

*K. John.* They burn in indignation; I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.——

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eye thou hast: Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?
*Mes.* From France to England.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.
*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it!
*Mes.* My liege, her ear
Is stopt with dust: the first of April, dy'd
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.
*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion;
O, make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd

My

My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France?—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That, thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?
*Mes.* Under the dauphin.

*Enter* FAULCONBRIDGE *and* PETER OF POMFRET.

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
*Faulc.* But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.
*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
*Faulc.* How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasy'd;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.
*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou say so?

*Peter.*

*Peter.* Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,
[*Exit* HUBERT, *with* PETER.
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

*Faulc.* The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it;
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire),
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

*Faulc.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.——
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

*Faulc.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*

*K. John.* Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some

Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.
*Mes.* With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*
*K. John.* My mother dead!

*Re-enter* HUBERT.

*Hub.* My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.
*K. John.* Five moons!
*Hub.* Old men, and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes,
I saw a smith stand with a hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my lord! why, did not you provoke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Made deeds ill done? Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou to be endeared to a king,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord——

*K. John.* Had thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I proposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;

Deep

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.
*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
*K. John.* Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,

And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt*

## *SCENE III.*

*A Street before a Prison. Enter* ARTHUR *on the Walls.*

*Arth.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!——
There's few, or none, do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die and stay.
[*Leaps down*
Oh me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies*

*Enter* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
*Pemb.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
*Sal.* The count Melun, a noble lord of France
Whose

Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
*Bigot.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
*Sal.* Or rather then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

*Enter* FAULCONBRIDGE.

*Faulc.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.
*Sal.* The king hath dispossess'd himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks;
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.
*Faulc.* Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
*Faulc.* But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.
*Pemb.* Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.
*Faulc.* 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.
*Sal.* This is the prison: What is he lies here?
[*Seeing* ARTHUR.
*Pemb.* O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

*Bigot.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arm: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
*Pemb.* All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
*Faulc.* It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand
If that it be the work of any hand.
*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,

Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
'Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.
*Pemb. Bigot.* Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter* HUBERT.

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.
*Sal.* Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death:
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
*Hub.* I am no villain.
*Sal.* Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword.*
*Faulc.* Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
*Sal.* Not 'till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.
*Hub.* Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
*Bigot.* Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
*Hub.* Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.
*Hub.* Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pemb.* Cut him to pieces.
*Faulc.* Keep the peace, I say.
*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.
*Faulc.* Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
*Bigot.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.
*Bigot.* Who kill'd this prince?
*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him; I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
*Bigot.* Away, toward Bury, to the dauphin there!
*Pemb.* There, tell the king, he may inquire us out. [*Exeunt Lords.*
*Faulc.* Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach

Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.
*Faulc.* Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd so black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
*Hub.* Upon my soul——
*Faulc.* If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or, wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.
*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
*Faulc.* Go, bear him in thine arms.——
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this real
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug, and scramble, and to part by the teeth

The un-owed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt.*

## *ACT V. SCENE I.*

*The Court of England. Enter King* JOHN, PANDULPH, *and Attendants.*

*King John.*

THUS have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving up the Crown.*
*Pand.* Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
*K. John.* Now keep your holy words: go meet the French:
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt;

Our

Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour,
Rests by you only to be qualifi'd.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:
But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-Day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-Day? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-Day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter* FAULCONBRIDGE.

*Faulc.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;

And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.
*K. John.* Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?
*Faulc.* They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life,
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me, he did live.
*Faulc.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den?
And fright him there; and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he comes so nigh.

*K. John.*

*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the dauphin.
*Faulc.* Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.
*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present time.
*Faulc.* Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE II.*

*The Dauphin's Camp at St. Edmund's-Bury. Enter, in Arms,* LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers.*

*Lewis.* My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That,

That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken,
And, noble dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many? Oh, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong,—
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends;
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause),
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,

And

And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!
*Lewis.* A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shall thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

*Enter* PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,

To

To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

*Pand.* Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.

*Lewis.* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak mind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
*Vive le roy?* as I have bank'd their towns?
Have not I here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.

*Lewis.* Outside or inside, I will not return
'Till my attempt so much be glorify'd
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To out-look conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter* FAULCONBRIDGE, *attended.*

*Faulc.* According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:——
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pand.* The dauphin is too wilful-opposite,

And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.
*Faulc.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To wipe this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;

Their

Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.
*Lewis.* There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canst out-scold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.
*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.
*Faulc.* No, I will speak.
*Lewis.* We will attend to neither.—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.
*Faulc.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribbed death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
*Lewis.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
*Faulc.* And thou shalt find it, dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*A Field of Battle. Alarums. Enter King* JOHN, *and* HUBERT.

*K. John.* How goes the day with us? oh, tell me, Hubert.

*Hub.* Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: Oh, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

*Mes.* Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

*The French Camp.* *Enter* SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, *and* BIGOT.

*Sal.* I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

*Pemb.* Up once again; put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spight of spight alone upholds the day.

*Pemb.* They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

*Enter* MELUN *wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

*Melun.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy, we had other names.

*Pemb.* It is the count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Melun.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold!
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. Edmund's Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible! may this be true!

*Melun.* Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false: since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night — whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee—And beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight!
And, like a bated and retired flood,

Leaving

Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.——
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt leading off* MELUN.

## *SCENE V.*

*A different part of the French Camp. Enter* LEWIS, *and his Train.*

*Lewis.* The sun of heaven, methought was loth to set;
But staid, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: Oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Where is my prince, the dauphin?
*Lewis.* Here.—What news?
*Mes.* The count Melun is slain; the English lords,

By

By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supplies, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.
*Lewis.* Ah foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
*Mes.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
*Lewis.* Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE VI.*

*An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey. Enter* FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* HUBERT, *severally.*

*Hub.* Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
*Faulc.* A friend:—What art thou?
*Hub.* Of the part of England.
*Faulc.* Whither dost thou go?
*Hub.* What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
*Faulc.* Hubert, I think.
*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will,

I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?
*Faulc.* Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
*Faulc.* Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
*Hub.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
*Faulc.* Brief, then; and what's the news?
*Hub.* O my sweet sir, news fitted to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
*Faulc.* Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.
*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
*Faulc.* How did he take it? who did taste to him?
*Hub.* A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.
*Faulc.* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

*Hub.*

*Hub.* Why, know you not, the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company?
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them:
And they are all about his majesty.

*Faulc.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devour'd them:
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE VII.*

*The Orchard in Swinstead Abbey. Enter Prince* HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

*Hen.* It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter* PEMBROKE.

*Pemb.* His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That being brought into the open air,

It

It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
*Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage?
*Pemb.* He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.
*Hen.* O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts
Leaves them: invisible his siege is now,
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should sing.——
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
*Sal.* Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*King* JOHN *brought in.*

*K. John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

Upon

Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

*Hen.* How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* Poison'd—ill fare;—dead,—forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

*Hen.* Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

*K. John.* The salt of them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

*Enter* FAULCONBRIDGE.

*Faulc.* Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

*K. John.* Oh cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;
And all the shrowds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;

And

And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.
*Faulc.* The dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.
[*The King dies.*
*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king—now thus.
*Hen.* Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!
*Faulc.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.——
Now, now, your stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The dauphin rages at our very heels.
*Sal.* It seems you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace

As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war,
*Faulc.* He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
*Faulc.* Let it be so:— And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
*Hen.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.
*Faulc.* Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.
*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.
*Hen.* I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
*Faulc.* Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before hand with our griefs.—
This England never did (nor never shall),
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now

Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

Printed by D. Deans, 1, Catherine-street, Strand.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Act 1. KING RICHARD. II. Scene 4.

Burney del.

Mrs. FARREN as the QUEEN.

London Printed for J Bell, British Library Strand July 7. 1786

London. Printed for J Bell, British Library, Strand, June 17. 1786.

Bell's Edition.

# *RICHARD II.*

BY

# Will. Shakspere:

*Printed Complete from the TEXT of*

*SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,*

And revised from the last Edition.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes,
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

*LONDON:*

PRINTED FOR

JOHN CAWTHORN, NO. 5, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND,

BOOKSELLER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1812.

Printed by D. Deans, 1, Catherine-Street, Strand.

# OBSERVATIONS

## ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

# *RICHARD II.*

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This history comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason which fell out in the year 1398: and it closes with the murder of king Richard at Pomfret-Castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year.—THEOBALD.

It is evident from a passage in *Camden's Annals*, that there was an old play on the subject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gelley Merrick, who was concerned in the hare-brained business of the earl of Essex, and was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accused, amongst other things, "quod exoletam tregœdiam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi, in publico thetro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agicurâsset."

I have since met with a passage in my lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in English. It is in the arraignments of *Cuffe and Merrick*, vol. iv. p. 412, of Mallet's Edition, "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merrick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing king *Richard the Second*;—when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old* and they should have less in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was."

It may be worth inquiry, whether some of the *rhyming* parts of the present play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly however, the general tendency of it must have been very different; since, as Dr. Johnson observes, there are some expressions in this of Shakspere, which strongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefesible right*.—FARMER.

This play of Shakspere was first entered at Stationers'. Hall by Andrew Wise. Aug. 29, 1597.—STEEVENS.

This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Holinshed*, in which many passages may be found which Shakspere has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes; particularly a speech of the bishop of Carlisle in defence of King Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human jurisdiction.

Jonson who, in his *Catiline* and *Sejanus*, has inserted many speeches from the Roman historians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakspere, who had condescended sometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakspere had more of his own than Jonson, and if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, shewed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity.

This play is one of those which Shakspere has apparently revised, but as success in works of invention is not always proportioned to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding. —JOHNSON.

## Dramatis Personæ.

### *MEN.*

*King* RICHARD *the Second.*
EDMUND LANGLEY, *Duke of York.* } *Uncles to the king.*
JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster,* }
HENRY, *surnamed* BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of Hereford, afterwards King Henry the Fourth, Son to John of Gaunt.*
*Duke of Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York.*
MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk.*
*Duke of* SURREY.
*Earl of* SALISBURY.
*Earl* BERKLEY.
BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } *Creatures to King Richard.*
GREEN, }
*Earl of* NORTHUMBERLAND.
PERCY, *Son to Northumberland.*
*Lord* ROSS.
*Lord* WILLOUGHBY.
*Lord* FITZWATER.
*Bishop of* CARLISLE.
*Sir* STEPHEN SCROOP.
*Lord Marshal; and another Lord.*
*Abbot of Westminster.*
*Sir* PIERCE OF EXTON.
*Captain of a Band of Welchmen.*

### *WOMEN.*

*Queen to King Richard.*
*Dutchess of* GLOSTER.
*Dutchess of* YORK.
*Ladies, attending on the Queen.*

*Heralds, two Gardiners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *dispersedly, in England and Wales.*

# RICHARD II.

## *ACT I. SCENE I.*

*The Court. Enter King* RICHARD, JOHN OF GAUNT, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

*King Richard.*

OLD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hadst thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Gaunt.* I have, my liege.

*K. Rich.* Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argument—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.
*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused, freely speak:—
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Enter* BOLINGBROKE, *and* MOWBRAY.

*Boling.* Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
*Mowb.* Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
*K. Rich.* We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
*Boling.* First (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,

Or

Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and chrystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish (so please my sovereign), ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

*Mowb.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me,
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty—
By all my hopes, most falsely he doth lie.

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to accept;
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rights of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Mowb.* I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as a thought of ill in him.

*Boling.* Look, what I said, my life shall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove——
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,

Fetch

Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say—And further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

*Mowb.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
'Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay my kingdom's heir
(As he is but my father's brother's son),
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

*Mowb.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!

Three

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie.——For Gloster's death——
I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe—
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray,
Your highness to assign our trial day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed:

Our

Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.
*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall become my age.—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.
*K. Rich.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.
*Gaunt.* When, Harry ? when ?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.
*K. Rich.* Norfolk, throw down ; we bid ; there is no boot.
*Mowb.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot :
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame ;
The one, my duty owes ; but my fair name
(Despight of death, that lives upon my grave),
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here ;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.
*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood :
Give me his gage :—Lions make leopards tame.
*Mowb.* Yea, but not change their spots : take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done :

Then,

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

*Boling.* Oh, heaven defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar face impeach my height
Before this out-dard dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face. [*Exit* GAUNT.

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice decide the victor's chivalry—
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE

## *SCENE II.*

*The Duke of* LANCASTER's *Palace. Enter* GAUNT, *and Dutchess of* GLOSTER.

*Gaunt.* Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life,
But, since correction lieth in those hands,
Which make the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*Dutch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
On seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dry'd by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life,
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked path-way to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is—to 'venge my Glostor's death.

*Gaunt.* Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

*Dutch.* Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

*Gaunt.* To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

*Dutch.* Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!

Farewell,

Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.
*Gaunt.* Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!
*Dutch.* Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight;
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—Oh, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek our sorrow, that dwells every where:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE III.*

*The Lists at Coventry. Enter the Lord Marshal, and* AUMERLE.

*Mar.* My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
*Aum.* Yes, at all points; and longs to enter in.

*Mar.* The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
*Aum.* Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing, but his majesty's approach.
[*Flourish.*

*The Trumpets sound, and the King enters with* GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, *and others: when they are set, enter the Duke of* NORFOLK, *in Armour.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
*Mar.* In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thy oath,
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!
*Mowb.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
[*To* MOWBRAY.

*Trumpets*

*Trumpets sound. Enter* BOLINGBROKE, *Appellant, in Armour.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
*Mar.* What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal lists?
[*To* BOLINGBROKE.
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
*Boling.* Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;

Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

*Mar.* The appellant in all duty greets your highness, [*To K.* Rich.
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

*K. Rich.* We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

*Boling.* Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear:
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.——
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—
Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
Oh thou, the earthly author of my blood— [*To* Gaunt.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

*Gaunt.* Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!

Be

Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy;
Rouze up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.
*Boling.* Mine innocency, and saint George to thrive!
*Mowb.* However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman;
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege—and my companion peers—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle, and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.
*K. Rich.* Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.——
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.
*Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and heaven defend the right!
*Boling.* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.
*Mar.* Go bear this lance to Thomas duke of Norfolk.
1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomus Mowbray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.
[*A Charge sounded.*
*Mar.* Sound trumpets; and set forward, combatants—
Stay, the king has thrown his warder down.
*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets, and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:——
Withdraw with us;—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—
[*A long Flourish; after which, the King speaks to the Combatants.*
Draw near,
And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered:
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour's swords;
[And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in your country's cradle

Draws

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]
Which so rouz'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
And harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood—
Therefore, we banish you our territories.—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
'Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done: This must my comfort be——
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word of—never to return,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Mowb.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign leige,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserv'd at your highness' hand.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;

Or

Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath.

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate;
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

*Mowb.* Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves),
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face;
Nor ever write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

*Boling.* I swear.

*Mowb.*

*Mowb.* And I, to keep all this.

*Boling.* Norfolk—so far as to mine enemy—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

*Mow.* No Bolingbroke, if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear the king shall rue—
Farewell, my liege: Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.
[*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters spent,
[*To* BOLING.
Return with welcome home from banishment.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word such is the breath of kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can

Can change their moons, and bring their times about.
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, king, that thou canst give;
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father:—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I would have been more mild:
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will to do myself this wrong:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

*K. Rich.*

*K. Rich.* Cousin, farewell:—and uncle, bid him so;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish. Exit.*

*Aum.* Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.

*Mar.* My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* Oh, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

*Boling.* I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

*Boling.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

*Boling.* To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

*Boling.* My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.

*Boling.*

*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee;
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee, or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, nor whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strow'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more,
Than a delightful measure or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

*Boling.* Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast;

Or

Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat;
Oh, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can——
Though banish'd, yet a true born Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE IV.*

*The Court. Enter King* RICHARD, *and* BAGOT, *&c. at one Door, and the Lord* AUMERLE, *at the other.*

*K. Rich.* We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

*Aum.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

*K. Rich.* And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

*Aum.* 'Faith, none by me: except the north east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleepy rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*K. Rich.* What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

*Aum.* Farewell:
And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—
How did he seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to banish their affects with him,
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;*—
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.

Now

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—
Expedient manage must be made, my liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.
*K. Rich.* We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
And liberal largess—are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter* BUSHY.

*K. Rich.* Bushy, what news?
*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;
Suddenly taken; and has sent post-haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.
*K. Rich.* Where lies he?
*Bushy.* At Ely-House.
*K. Rich.* Now, put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars——
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heaven, we may make haste, and come too late! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*London. A Room in Ely-House.* GAUNT *brought in sick, with the Duke of* YORK.

*Gaunt.*

WILL the king come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.
*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
*Gaunt.* Oh, but, they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and musick at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
*York.* No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state: then, there are found

Lasci-

Lascivious meeters; to whose envenom'd sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile),
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

*Gaunt.* Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:—
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone, set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renown'd for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shores beats back the envious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter King* RICHARD, *Queen*, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

*York.* The king is come; deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
*K. Rich.* What comfort man? How is't with aged Gaunt?
*Gaunt.* Oh, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;

And

And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;
And, therein fasting, thou hast made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

*K. Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with those that live?

*Gaunt.* No, no; men living flatter those that die.

*K. Rich.* Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

*Gaunt.* Oh! no; thou dy'st, though I the sicker be.

*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death bed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
Oh, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Who art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law;
And——

*K. Rich.*—Thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st, with thy frozen admonition,
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

*Gaunt.* Oh, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:

Join

Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower,
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—
Love they to live, that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne out.*

*K. Rich.* And let them die, that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*York.* 'Beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

*K. Rich.* Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.

*North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

*K. Rich.* What says he?

*North.* Nay, nothing; all is said;
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

*York.* Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that.——Now for our Irish wars:

We

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge—
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient? Oh, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?

*York.*

*York.* O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in his letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
*K. Rich.* Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
*York.* I'll not be by the while: My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*
*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;

Bid

Bid him repair to us to Ely-House,
To see this business: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord-governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we pa ;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*
[*Exeunt King, Queen, &c.*

*North.* Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

*Ross.* And living too; for now his son is duke.

*Willo.* Barely in title, not in revenue.

*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

*Ross.* My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more.
That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

*Willo.* Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*North.* Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,

Merely

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
*Ross.* The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles he hath fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
*Willo.* And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As—blanks, benevolencies, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
*North.* War hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.
*Ross.* The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
*Willo.* The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
*North.* Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.
*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
*North.* His noble kinsman:—Most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
*Ross.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer;

And unavoided is the danger now;
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
*North.* Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
*Willo.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.
*North.* Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter;
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint——
All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:

But

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.
*Ross.* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.
*Willo.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE II.*

*The Court. Enter Queen,* BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

*Bushy.* Madam, your majesty is much too sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
nd entertain a cheerful disposition.
*Queen.* To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming toward me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.
*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glaz'd with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,

Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weep things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As, though, in thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

*Queen.* 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore father grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

*Enter* GREEN.

*Green.* Heaven save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen:—
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

*Queen.* Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

*Green.*

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.
*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid!
*Green.* O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?
*Green.* We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.
*Queen.* Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Enter* YORK.

*Green.* Here comes the duke of York.

*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful business are his looks!——
Uncle, for heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

*York.* Should I do so I should bely my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:—
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* My lord, your son was gone before I came.

*York.* He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!——
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah,
Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster:
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:—
Hold, take my ring.

*Ser.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:

To-day

To-day I came by, and call'd there;—but I
Shall grieve you to report the rest.
*York.* What is it, knave?
*Ser.* An hour before I came, the dutchess dy'd.
*York.* Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to heaven
(So my untruth hath not provok'd him to it),
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister—cousin, I would say; pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,
[*To the Servant.*
And bring away the armour that is there.—
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you:—Go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley, gentlemen.
I should to Plashy too;——
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt* YORK *and Queen.*
*Bushy.*

*Bushy.* The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all unpossible.
*Green.* Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.
*Bagot.* And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
*Bushy.* Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.
*Bagot.* If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we have been ever near the king.
*Green.* Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.
*Bushy.* Thither will I with you: for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—
Will you go along with us?
*Bagot.* No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.
*Bushy.* That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.
*Green.* Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
*Bushy.* Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

*Green.*

*Green.* Well, we may meet again.
*Bagot.* I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE III.*

*The Wilds in Glostershire. Enter* BOLINGBROKE, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND.

*Boling.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
*North.* Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found
In Ross, and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit that I possess:
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this, the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
*Boling.* Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

*Enter* HARRY PERCY.

*North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,

Sent

Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

*Percy.* I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

*North.* Why, is he not with the queen?

*Percy.* No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

*North.* What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake toge. ther.

*Percy.* Because your lordship was proclaim'd traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley to discover
What power the duke of York had levy'd there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

*North.* Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

*Percy.* No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

*North.* Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you my ser. vice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days thall ripen, and confirm
To more approv'd service and desert.

*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle Percy: and be sure,

I count

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompence:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

*North.* How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

*Percy.* There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

*Enter* Ross *and* WILLOUGHBY.

*North.* Here comes the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

*Boling.* Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

*Ross.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

*Willo.* And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?—

*Enter*

*Enter* BERKLEY.

*North.* It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.
*Berk.* My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
*Boling.* My lord, my answer is to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
*Berk.* Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come (what lord you will)
From the most glorious of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

*Enter* YORK, *attended.*

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!
[*Kneels.*
*York.* Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.
*Boling.* My gracious uncle!—
*York.* Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?

But

But more than why——Why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despis'd arms?
Com'st thou, because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
Oh, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!
*Boling.* My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it, and wherein?
*York.* Even in condition of the worst degree—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.
*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive! O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond: my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away

To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am deny'd to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: Attornies are deny'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

*Ross.* It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

*Willo.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell you this—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To cut out right with wrong—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own! and, for the right of that,

We

We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.
*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.
*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept,
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.
*York.* It may be, I will go with you:—but yet
I'll pause;
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress, are now with me past care.
[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE IV.*

*In Wales. Enter* SALISBURY, *and a Captain.*

*Cap.* My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten
days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,

And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore will disperse ourselves: farewell.
*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welsh-man;
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.
*Cap.* 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war.
These signs forerun the death of kings—
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead.
[*Exit.*
*Sal.* Ah, Richard! with eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes:
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.
[*Exeunt.*

## *ACT III. SCENE I.*

BOLINGBROKE's *Camp at Bristol. Enter* BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, ROSS, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, *with* BUSHY *and* GREEN, *Prisoners.*

*Bolingbroke.*

BRING forth these men.—
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your death.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd and disfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
'Till you did make him misinterpret me——
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;

From mine own window torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood—
So shew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.
*Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.
*Green.* My comfort is—that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.
*Boling.* My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.
Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house:
For heaven's sake fairly let her be entreated;
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.
*York.* A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.
*Boling.* Thanks, gentle uncle,—Come, lords, away;
[To fight with Glendower and his complices;]
A while to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

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*SCENE*

## *SCENE II.*

*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in View. Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter King* RICHARD, AUMERLE, *Bishop of* CARLISLE, *and Soldiers.*

*K. Rich.* Barkloughly castle call you this at hand.

*Aum.* Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

*K. Rich.* Needs must I like it will: I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.——
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth.
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.——
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;

This

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.
*Bishop.* Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spight of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else if heaven would,
And we would not heaven's offer, we refuse
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.
*Aum.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.
*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But, when from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,

Not

Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath prest,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

*Enter* SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?
*Sal.* Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy fate;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.
*Aum.* Comfort, my liege; Why looks your grace so pale?
*K. Rich.* But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, 'till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?

All

All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

*K. Rich.* I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name? a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground.
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

*Enter* SCROOP.

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

*K. Rich.* Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like

Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swell the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both old and young rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

*K. Rich.* Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!

Three

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!
*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:—
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
*Aum.* Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?
*Scroop.* Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
*Aum.* Where is the duke my father with his power?
*K. Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man speak,
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;

Some

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd :—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp!
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends;—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

*Bishop.* My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

*Aum.* My father hath a power, inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

*K. Rich.* Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is, to win our own.——
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.
*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough.——
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
[*To* AUMERLE.
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
*Aum.* My liege, one word.
*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## *SCENE III.*

*The Camp of* BOLINGBROKE, *before Flint Castle. Enter with Drum and Colours,* BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Attendants.*

*Boling.* So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends upon this coast.
*North.* The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
*York.* It would beseem the lord Northumberland, 272
To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
*North.* Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
*York.* The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, the whole head's length.
*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should. 281
*York.* Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mistake: The heavens are o'er your head.
*Boling.* I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

*Enter* PERCY.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

*Percy.* The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
*Boling.* Royally! Why, it contains no king?
*Percy.* Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.
*North.* Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.
*Boling.* Noble lord, [*To* NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Harry of Bolingbroke, on both his knees,
Doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain:—
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's totter'd battlements

Our

Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A Parle sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the Walls King* RICHARD, *the Bishop of* CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

*York.* See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: Alack, alack, for wo,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

*K. Rich.* We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[*To* NORTH.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;

For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:——
Yet know—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mother's sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

*North.* The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,

Com.

Comprising all that may be sworn or said—
His coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, say—thus the king returns:——
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
[*To* AUMERLE.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

*Aum.* No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,
'Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

*K. Rich.* Oh God! oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! Oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!

Or

Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart! I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
*Aum.* Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
*K. Rich.* What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it so:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an alm's-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?——
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,
'Till they have fretted us a pair of graves

Within

Within the earth; and, therein laid—*There lies*
*Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?*
Would not this ill do well:—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
[NORTH. *advances.*
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live 'till Richard die? 440
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—Ay.
*North.* My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come down.
*K. Rich.* Down, down, I come; like glist'ring Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[NORTH. *retires to* BOL.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitor's calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court? down king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing. [*Exeunt, from above.*
*Boling.* What says his majesty? 450
*North.* Sorrow and grief of heart,
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come. [*Enter* RICHARD, *&c. below.*
*Boling.* Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord— [*Kneels.*
*K. Rich.*

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
[*Touching his own Head.*

*Boling.* My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

*K. Rich.* Your own is your's, and I am your's, and all.

*Boling.* So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

*K. Rich.* Well you deserve:—They well deserve to have,
That know the strongest and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so.

*Boling.* Yea, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Then I must not say, No.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

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*SCENE*

## SCENE IV.

*Langley. The Duke of* York's *Garden. Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.*

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
*Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.
*Queen.* 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
*Lady.* Madam, we'll dance.
*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
*Lady.* Madam, we will tell tales.
*Queen.* Of sorrow, or of joy?
*Lady.* Of either, madam.
*Queen.* Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
*Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.
*Queen.* 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.
*Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here comes the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees,—
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

*Enter a Gardener and two Servants.*

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change; Wo is fore-run with wo.
[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

*Gard.* Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;
Give some supportance to the bending twigs,
Go, thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.——
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

*Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing as in a model, our firm state?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gard.* Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:

The

The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke:
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

*Serv.* What, are they dead?

*Gard.* They are, and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—What pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! who at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

*Serv.* What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

*Gard.* Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt he will be; Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* Oh, I am press'd to death, through want of speaking!—

[*Coming from her Concealment.*

Thou old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee

To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch?

*Gard.* Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe these news; yet, what I say, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? oh, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in wo.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke!—
Gardener, for telling me these news of wo,
I would, the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

*Gard.* Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,

I'll

I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.
[*Exeunt Gard. and Serv.*

## *ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*London. The Parliament House. Enter* BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, SURREY, *Bishop of* CARLISLE, *Abbot of Westminster, Herald, Officers, and* BAGOT.

*Bolingbroke.*

CALL forth Bagot:
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind:
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

*Bagot.* Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

*Boling.* Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

*Bagot.* My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say—*Is not my arm of length,*
*That reacheth from the restful English court*
*As far as Calais, to my Uncle's head?*
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, *You rather had refuse*

*The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,*
*Than Bolingbroke return to England;*
*Adding withal, how blest this land would be,*
*In this your cousin's death.*

*Aum.* Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.——
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: Thou liest, and
I will maintain what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*Boling.* Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

*Fitzw.* If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged with my rapier's point.

*Aum.* Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

*Fitzw.* Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

*Aum.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

*Percy.*

*Percy.* Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.
*Aum.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
*Another Lord.* I take the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be hollow'd in thy treacherous ear
From sin to sin: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
*Aum.* Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
*Surrey.* My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
*Fitzw.* 'Tis very true; you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.
*Surrey.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
*Fitzw.* Surrey, thou liest.
*Surrey.* Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
'Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lye
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.

In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies! there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies; here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

*Boling.* These differences shall all rest under gage,
'Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

*Carl.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,

And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
*Boling.* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
*Carl.* As sure as I live, my lord.
*Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
'Till we assign you to your days of trial.

*Enter* YORK, *attended.*

*York.* Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!
*Boling.* In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.
*Carl.* Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty,

His

His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's sculls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest children's children cry against you—wo!

*North.* Well have you argu'd, sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here:—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard, that in common view

He

He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
*York.* I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*
*Boling.* Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—
Little are we beholden to your love.
[*To* CARLISLE.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter* YORK *with King* RICHARD.

*K. Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?
*York.* To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tir'd majesty did make thee offer—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.
*K. Rich.* Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize the crown;

Here,

Here, cousin, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

*Boling.* I thought, you had been willing to resign.

*K. Rich.* My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care is—loss of care, by old care done.
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away:
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown?

*K. Rich.* Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego:
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sun-shine days!—
What more remains?

*North.* No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

*K. Rich.* Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven;—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself—

Though

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory, base; a sovereign, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

*North.* My lord——

*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title—
No, not that name was given me at the font—
But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
Oh, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king—great king—(and yet not greatly good)
And if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight;
[*To* Boling.
That

That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.
*Boling.* Go some of you, and fetch a looking glass.
*North.* Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.
*K. Rich.* Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.
*Boling.* Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.
*North.* The commons will not then be satisfy'd.
*K. Rich.* They shall be satisfy'd; I'll read enough.
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

*Enter one with a Glass.*

Give me that glass, and therein will I read—
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—Oh, flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me!—Was this face the face
That every day under his housebold roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
[*Dashes the Glass against the Ground.*
As brittle as the glory, is the face;
For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.—

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
*Boling.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.
*K. Rich.* Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
*Boling.* Name it, fair cousin.
*K. Rich.* Fair cousin! Why, I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
*Boling.* Yet ask.
*K. Rich.* And shall I have.
*Boling.* You shall.
*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.
*Boling.* Whither?
*K. Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
*Boling.* Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

*K. Rich.*

*K. Rich.* Oh, good! convey?—Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall. [*Exit.*

*Boling.* On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation; lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of* CARLISLE, *and* AUMERLE.

*Abbot.* A woful pageant have we here beheld.

*Carl.* The wo's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

*Aum.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot? 330

*Abbot.* Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:
I see, your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay
A plot, shall shew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

## *ACT V. SCENE I.*

*A Street in London. Enter Queen and Ladies.*

*Queen.*

This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemn'd lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:

Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

*Enter King* RICHARD *and Guards.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
[*To King* RICHARD.
Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard: thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

*K. Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this: I am sworn, brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league 'till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

*Queen.* What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; And wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod?

And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

*K. Rich.* A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France,
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave,
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire,
With good old folks: and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out,
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

*North.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.——
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,

Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think that thou, who know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

*K. Rich.* Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then betwixt me, and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
[*To the Queen.*
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence set forth in pomp,
She came adorn'd hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'st of day.

*Queen.* And must we be divided? must we part?

*K. Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

*Queen.* Banish us both, and send the king with me.

*North.* That were some love, but little policy.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

*K. Rich.*

*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make one wo.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here?
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.
Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.
*Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest moans.
*K. Rich.* Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
[*They kiss.*
*Queen.* Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
[*Kiss again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
*K. Rich.* We make no wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.
[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE II.*

*The Duke of* YORK's *Palace. Enter* YORK *and his Dutchess.*

*Dutch.* My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off

Of

Of our two cousins coming into London.
*York.* Where did I leave?
*Dutch.* At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.
*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
broke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cry'd—God save thee, Boling-
broke!
You would have thought, the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.
*Dutch.* Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the
while?
*York.* As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cry'd, God save
him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head?

Which

Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

*Enter* AUMERLE.

*Dutch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.
*York.* Aumerle that was;
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.
*Dutch.* Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?
*Aum.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
*York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
*Aum.* For aught I know, my lord, they do.
*York.* You will be there, I know.
*Aum.* If God prevent me not; I purpose so.

*York.*

*York.* What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

*Aum.* My lord, 'tis nothing.

*York.* No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

*York.* Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear——

*Dutch.* What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, against the triumph.

*York.* Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not shew it.

*York.* I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treason, foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

*Dutch.* What is the matter, my lord?

*York.* Ho! who is within there? saddle my horse.
Heaven for his mercy! what treachery is here!

*Dutch.* Why, what is it, my lord?

*York.* Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

*Dutch.*

*Dutch.* What's the matter?
*York.* Peace, foolish woman.
*Dutch.* I will not peace:—What is the matter, son?
*Aum.* Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
*Dutch.* Thy life answer!

*Enter Servant with boots.*

*York.* Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.
*Dutch.* Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:—
Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—
[*Speaking to the Servant.*
*York.* Give me my boots, I say.
*Dutch.* Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair sun from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
*York.* Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
*Dutch.* He shall be none;
We'll keep him here. Then what is that to him?
*York.* Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him?
*Dutch.* Had'st thou groan'd for him,

As

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

*York.* Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*

*Dutch.* After, Aumerle: mount thee upon his horse:
Spur, post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
'Till Bolingbroke hath pardon'd thee: Away.
[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE III.*

*The Court at Windsor Castle. Enter* BOLINGBROKE, PERCY, *and other Lords.*

*Boling.* Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrain'd loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers:

While

While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.
*Percy.* My lord, some two days since I saw the prince;
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
*Boling.* And what said the gallant?
*Percy.* His answer was—he would unto the stews;
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
*Boling.* As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

*Enter* AUMERLE, *amazed.*

*Aum.* Where is the king?
*Boling.* What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?
*Aum.* God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.—
*Boling.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—
What is the matter with our cousin now?
*Aum.* For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.
*Boling.* Intended, or committed, was this fault?

If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after love, I pardon thee.
*Aum.* Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter 'till my tale be done.
*Boling.* Have thy desire. [YORK *within.*
*York.* My liege, beware; look to thyself:
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
*Boling.* Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*
*Aum.* Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.
*York.* Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king;
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

*The King opens the Door. Enter* YORK.

*Boling.* What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
*Aum.* Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past;
I do repent me: read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
*York.* 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

*Boling.*

*Boling.* O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages,
Hath held his current; and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
*York.* So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
[*Dutchess within.*
*Dutch.* What, ho, my liege! for heaven's sake, let me in.
*Boling.* What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?
*Dutch.* A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.
*Boling.* Our scene is alter'd; from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to *the Beggar and the King.*—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.
*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

*Enter Dutchess.*

*Dutch.* O king! believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
*York.* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
*Dutch.* Sweet York, be patient: hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*
*Boling.* Rise up, good aunt.
*Dutch.* Not yet, I thee beseech,
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
'Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
*Aum.* Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*
*York.* Against them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
*Dutch.* Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face,
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel 'till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

*Boling.*

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.
*Dutch.* Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word 'till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like, pardon, for king's mouths so meet.
*York.* Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnex moy.*
*Dutch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!—
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.
*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.
*Dutch.* I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
*Boling.* I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.
*Dutch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
*Boling.* With all my heart
I pardon him.

*Dutch.* A god on earth thou art.

*Boling.* But for our trusty brother-in-law—and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew—
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if once I know where.
Uncle, farewell:—and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

*Dutch.* Come, my old son; I pray heaven make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE IV.*

*Enter* EXTON *and Servant.*

*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
*Have I no friend, will rid me of this living fear?*
Was it not so?

*Serv.* Those were his very words.

*Exton. Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

*Serv.* He did.

*Exton.* And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*

*SCENE*

## SCENE V.

*The Prison at Pomfret-Castle. Enter King* RICHARD.

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how to compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort—
As thoughts of things divine—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus—*Come, little ones;* and then again—
*It is as hard to come, as for a camel*
*To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame—
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back

Of

Of such as have before endur'd the like,
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I a king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me, I was better when a king:
Then am I king'd again: and, by and by,
Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Musick do I hear?
[*Musick.*
Ha, ha! had keep time:—how sour sweet musick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
So it is in the musick of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To hear time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamourous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This musick mads me, let it sound no more;

For,

For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

*Enter Groom.*

*Groom.* Hail, royal prince! 460
*K. Rich.* Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how cam'st thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?
*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king: who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometime royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld, 470
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hath bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!
*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
*Groom.* So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.
*K. Rich.* So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down
(Since

(Since pride must have a fall), and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back? 583
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper, with a Dish.*

*Keep.* Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
[*To the Groom.*

*K. Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away. 490

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

*Keep.* My lord, will't please you to fall to?

*K. Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

*Keep.* My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who late came from the king, commands the contrary.

*K. Rich.* The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
[*Beats the Keeper.*

*Keep.* Help, help, help!

*Enter* EXTON *and Servants.*

*K. Rich.* How now? what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument. 500
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

Go

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*Kills another.*
[EXTON *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*
*Exton.* As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt: Oh, would the deed were good!
For now—the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE VI.*

*The Court at Windsor. Flourish. Enter* BOLINGBROKE, YORK, *with other Lords and Attendants.*

*Boling.* Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?
*North.* First to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The

The next news is—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spenser, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a Paper.*

*Boling.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter* FITZWATER.

*Fitz.* My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*Boling.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter* PERCY, *with the Bishop of* CARLISLE.

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

*Boling.* Carlisle, this is your doom:——
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*Enter*

*Enter* EXTON, *with a Coffin.*

*Exton.* Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd ear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

*Boling.* Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

*Exton.* From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

*Boling.* They love not poison, that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander thro' the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day nor light.——
Lords, I protest my soul is full of wo,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

Printed by D. Deans, 1, Catherine-Street, Strand.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Act 2. MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Scene 3.

Ramberg del.t Leney sculp.t

MISS FARREN in the Character of HERMIA

(Starting from Sleep)

Help me Lysander, Help me! do thy best.
To pluck this crawling Serpent from my Breast!

Printed for John Cawthorn, No. 5, Catherine Street, Strand, Oct. 14. 1805.

Lovey Sculp.

Leutherbourg Inv.t

Printed for John Cawthorn 5 Catherine Street Strand London Sept. 1 1805.

Bell's Edition.

# MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

BY

# Will. Shakspere:

*Printed Complete from the TEXT of*

*SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,*

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes,
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

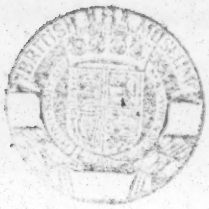
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

JOHN CAWTHORN, 5, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND,

*Bookseller to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.*

1806.



Printed by T. Collins, Harvey's Buildings, Strand.

# OBSERVATIONS

## ON THE Fable AND Composition OF THE *MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.*

THIS play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8, 1600, by Thomas Fisher It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale.* Thence it is, that our author speaks of Theseus as *duke* of Athens. The tale begins thus:

" Whilom as olde stories tellen us,
" There was a *Duk* that highte Theseus,
" Of Athenes he was lorde and governour, &c."

Late edit. v. 861.

Lidgate too, the monk of Bury, in his translation of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, calls him by the same title, chap. xij. l. 21.

" *Duke* Theseus had the victorye."

Creon, in the tragedy of *Jocasta*, translated from *Euripides* in 1566, is called *Duke Creon:*

So likewise Skelton:

" Not lyke *Duke* Hamilcar,
" Nor lyke *Duke* Asdruball."

Stanyhurst, in his translation of Virgil, calls Æneas, *Duke* Æneas; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 2d Part, 1632, Ajax is styled *Duke* Ajax, Palamedes, *Duke* Palamedes, and Nestor, *Duke* Nestor, &c. STEEVENS.

Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure

which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.

---

## Dramatis Personae:

*MEN.*

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*
LYSANDER, *in love with Hermia.*
DEMETRIUS, *in love with Hermia.*
PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Sports to Theseus.*
QUINCE, *the Carpenter.*
SNUG, *the Joiner.*
BOTTOM, *the Weaver,*
FLUTE, *the Bellows-mender.*
SNOUT, *the Tinker.*
STARVELING, *the Taylor.*

*WOMEN.*

HIPPOLITA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*
HERMIA, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*
HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

*Attendants.*

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*
TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*
PUCK, *or* ROBIN GOODFELLOW, *a Fairy.*

PEASE-BLOSSOM,
COBWEB,
MOTH,
MUSTARD-SEED, } *Fairies.*

PYRAMUS,
THISBE,
WALL,
MOONSHINE,
LYON, } *Characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.*

*Other Fairies attending their King and Queen: Attendants on Theseus and Hippolita.*

SCENE, *Athens, and a Wood not far from it.*

# MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

## *ACT I. SCENE I.*

*The Palace of Theseus in Athens. Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PHILOSTRATE, *with Attendants.*

*Theseus.*

Now, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

*Hip.* Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

*The.* Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit* PHIL.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

*Enter* EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

*Ege.* Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!
*The.* Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?
*Ege.* Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her:—
Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart:
Turn'd

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

*The.* What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties: yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

*Her.* So is Lysander.

*The.* In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

*The.* Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

*Her.* I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace, that I may know

The

The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
*The.* Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin-thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
*The.* Take time to pause: and, by the next new moon
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

*Dem.*

*Dem.* Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
*Lys.* You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.
*Ege.* Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him:
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
*Lys.* I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
*The.* I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof:
But, being over-full of self affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up

(Which

(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolita; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something, nearly that concerns yourselves.

*Ege.* With duty and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THES. HIP. EGEUS, DEM. *and train.*

*Lys.* How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

*Her.* Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

*Lys.* Ah, me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
But, either it was different in blood;

*Her.* O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

*Lys.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

*Her.* O spight! too old to be engag'd to young!

*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:

*Her.* O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

*Lys.* Or, if there was a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it:
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!

The

The jaws of darkness to devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
*Her.* If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.
*Lys.* A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And, in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.
*Her.* My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,

In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

*Lys.* Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

*Enter* HELENA.

*Her.* God speed, fair Helena! Whither away?

*Hel.* Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, and haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue shall catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

*Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

*Hel.* Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

*Her.* I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

*Hel.* O, that my prayers could such affection move!

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he follows me.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* The more I love, the more he hated me.
*Her.* His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
*Hel.* None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine!
*Her.* Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!
*Lys.* Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver vizage in the watry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.
*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsels swell'd;
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and strange companions.
Farewell, sweet play-fellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lover's food, till morrow deep midnight.
[*Exit* HERM.
*Lys.* I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!
[*Exit* LYS.

*Hel.* How happy some, o'er othersome, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine:
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and show'rs of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence;
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

[*Exit.*

---

*SCENE*

## *SCENE II.*

*A Cottage. Enter* QUINCE *the Carpenter,* SNUG *the Joiner,* BOTTOM *the Weaver,* FLUTE *the Bellows-mender,* SNOUT *the Tinker, and* STARVELING *the Taylor.*

*Quin.* Is all our company here?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

*Quin.* Here is the scrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and dutchess, on his wedding-day at night.

*Bot.* First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors: and so grow to a point.

*Quin.* Marry our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

*Bot.* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scrowl: Masters spread yourselves.

*Quin.* Answer, As I call you.—Nick Bottom the weaver.

*Bot.* Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

*Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

*Bot.* What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

*Quin.* A lover that kills himself most gallantly for love.

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks,
"And shivering shocks,
"Shall break the locks
"Of prison gates;
"And Phibbus' car
"Shall shine from far,
"And make and mar
"The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

*Quin.* Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

*Flu.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You must take Thisby on you.

*Flu.* What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

*Quin.* It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

*Flu.*

*Flu.* Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

*Quin.* That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

*Bot.* An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too:—I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

*Quin.* No, no; you must play Pyramus, and Flute, you Thisby.

*Bot.* Well, proceed.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, the taylor.

*Star.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the Tinker.

*Snou.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—— and, I hope, there is a play fitted.

*Snug.* Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

*Quin.* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

*Quin.* An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the dutchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang us every mother's son.

*Bot.* I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

*Quin.* You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's-day; a most lovely gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd.—But, masters here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

*Bot.*

*Bot.* We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

*Quin.* At the duke's oak we meet.

*Bot.* Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*

## *ACT II. SCENE I.*

*A Wood. Enter a Fairy at one door, and* PUCK (*or* ROBIN-GOODFELLOW) *at another.*

*Puck.*

How now, spirit! whither wander you?

*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moones sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell,

Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:
But, she per-force, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin-Goodfellow; Are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villag'ry;
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

*Puck.*

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And *taylor* cries, and falls into a cough:
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.
*Fai.* And here my mistress:—'Would that he were gone!

## *SCENE II.*

*Enter* OBERON, *king of Fairies, at one door with his train, and the Queen at another with hers.*

*Ob.* Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.
*Queen.* What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.
*Ob.* Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?

*Queen.*

*Queen.* Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

*Ob.* How can'st thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolita,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Periguné, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

*Queen.* These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have over-borne their continents.

The

The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The plowman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock:
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatick diseases do abound:
And, thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evil, comes
From our debate, from our dissention;
We are their parents and original.

*Ob.* Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gate
(Following her womb then rich with my young squire),
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

*Ob.* How long within this wood intend you stay?

*Queen.* Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

*Ob.* Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

*Queen.* Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt queen and her train.*

*Ob.* Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
'Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My

My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick.

*Puck.* I remember.

*Ob.* That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once;
The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

*Puck.* I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

*Ob.* Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when she waking looks upon
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape),
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight
(As I can take it with another herb),
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will over-hear their conferrence.

*Enter* DEMETRIUS, HELENA, *following him.*

*Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stoln unto this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

*Hel.* You draw me, yon hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

*Dem.* Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

*Hel.* And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,

The

The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love
(And yet a place of high respect with me),
Than to be used as you use your dog?
*Dem.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.
*Hel.* And I am sick, when I look not on you.
*Dem.* You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
*Hel.* Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
*Dem.* I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind

Makes speed to catch the tyger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.
*Dem.* I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
*Hel.* Ay, in the temple, in the town, in the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We shou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exeunt.*
*Ob.* Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

*Re-enter* PUCK.

*Puck.* Ay, there it is.
*Ob.* I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

*Puck.* Fear not, my lord, your servants shall do so.
[*Exeunt.*

---

## *SCENE III.*

*Another part of the Wood. Enter the Queen of Fairies, with her train.*

*Queen.* Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

First Fairy.

*You spotted snakes, with double tongue,*
*Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;*

*Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;*
*Come not near our fairy queen:*

Chorus.

*Philomel, with melody,*
*Sing in your sweet lullaby,*
*Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:*
*Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,*
*Come our lovely lady nigh;*
*So, good-night, with lullaby.*

Second Fairy.

*Weaving spiders, come not here;*
*Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:*
*Beetles black, approach not near;*
*Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

Chorus.

*Philomel, with melody, &c.*

First Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies. The Queen sleeps.*

*Enter* OBERON.

*Ob.* What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the Flower on her eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true love take;

Love,

Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wakd'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit* OBERON.

*Enter* LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

*Lys.* Fair Love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day,
*Her.* Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
*Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
*Her.* Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.
*Lys.* O, take the sense, sweet of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference,
I mean that my heart unto your's is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
*Her.* Lysander, riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,

If

If Hermia meant to say, Lysander ly'd.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lye further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

*Her.* With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*

*Enter* PUCK.

*Puck.* Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear;
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lye
Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.

So

So awake, when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

*Enter* DEMETRIUS, *and* HELENA, *running.*

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
*Dem.* I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
*Hel.* O, wilt thou darkling, leave me? do not so.
*Dem.* Stay on thy peril; I alone will go.
[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.
*Hel.* O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
*Lys.* And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake. [*Waking.*
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? oh, how fit a word

Is

Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
*Hel.* Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
*Lys.* Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, But Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.
*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit. Lys.*

*Lys.* She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things,
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most, of me!
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight!
[*Exit.*

*Her.* [*Starting from sleep.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought, a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing; gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear?
Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately.
[*Exit.*

---

## *ACT III. SCENE I.*

*The Wood. Enter* QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

*The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

*Bottom.*

ARE we all met?

*Quin.* Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

*Bot.* Peter Quince,—

*Quin.* What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

*Bot.* There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that? 12

*Snout.* By'rlakin, a parlous fear.

*Star.* I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not kill'd, indeed: and, for the more better assurance tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver:—This will put them out of fear. 22

*Quin.*

*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

*Bot.* No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl, than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

*Snout.* Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

*Snug.* Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

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*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

*Snug.* Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

*Snug.* You never can bring in a wall;—What say you, Bottom?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast, about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

*Enter* PUCK *behind.*

*Puck.* What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An

An Actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

*Pyr. Thisby, the flower of odious savours sweet.*

*Quin.* Odours, odours.

*Pyr.* ——*odours savours sweet.*
*So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—*
*But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a wit,*
*And by and by I will to thee appear.*

[*Exit* PYRAMUS.

*Puck.* A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!

[*Aside.* [*Exit.*

*This.* Must I speak now?

*Quin.* Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,*
*Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,*
*Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew.*
*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,*
*I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*

*Quin.* Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire.*

*Re-enter* PUCK, *and* BOTTOM, *with an Ass's Head.*

*This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

*Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:—*

*Quin.* O monstrous! O strange!—we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[*Exeunt Clowns.*

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*

*Bot.* Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

*Re-enter* SNOUT.

*Snout.* O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; Do you?

*Re-enter Quince.*

*Quin.* Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

*Bot.* I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

*The ousel-cock, so black of hue,*
*With orange-tawny bill,*

*The*

*The throstle with his note so true,*
*The wren with little quill:*

*Queen.* What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking.*

Bottom sings.

*The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,*
*The plain-song cuckoo gray,*
*Whose note full many a man doth mark,*
*And dares not answer nay;—*

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never so.

*Queen.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape:
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce doth move me;
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

*Bot.* Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek, upon occasion.

*Queen.* Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

*Queen.* Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

*Enter four Fairies.*

1 *Fair.* Ready.
2 *Fair.* And I.
3 *Fair.* And I.
4 *Fair.* And I: Where shall we go:
*Queen.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries:
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.
1 *Fair.* Hail, mortal, hail!
2 *Fair.* Hail!

3 *Fair.* Hail!

*Bot.* I cry your worship's mercy hastily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

*Pease.* Pease-blossom.

*Bot.* I pray you, commend me to Mrs. Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir.

*Mus.* Mustard-seed. 192

*Bot.* Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you, more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

*Queen.* Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye; 200
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

---

*SCENE*

## *SCENE II.*

*Enter* OBERON.

*Ob.* I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must doat on in extremity.

*Enter* PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
*Puck.* My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisby must be answered,
And forth my minnock comes: When they him spy,
As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky:
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:

And,

And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.
*Ob.* This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I bid thee do?
*Puck.* I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

*Enter* DEMETRIUS, *and* HERMIA.

*Ob.* Stand close; this is the same Athenian.
*Puck.* This is the woman, but not this the man.
*Dem.* O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
*Her.* Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
*Dem.* So should the murder'd look; and so should I
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
*Her.* What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
*Dem.* I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.
*Her.* Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
*Dem.* You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
*Her.* I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
*Dem.* An if I could, what should I get therefore?

*Her.*

*Her.* A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead, or no. [*Exit.*
*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vein;
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*
*Ob.* What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
*Ob.* About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.
*Puck.* I go, I go; look, how I go:
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*
*Ob.* Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously

As

As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter* PUCK.

*Puck.* Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
*Ob.* Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
*Puck.* Then will two, at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things do best please me,
That befall prepost'rously.

*Enter* LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

*Lys.* Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?
*Hel.* You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.
*Lys.* I had no judgment, when to her I swore.
*Hel.* Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
*Lys.* Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
*Dem.* [*awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Chrystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fan'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
*Hel.* O spight! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia:
And now both rivals to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision! none, of nobler sort,

Would so offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
*Lys.* You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And your's of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
*Hel.* Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
*Dem.* Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.
*Lys.* Helen, it is not so.
*Dem.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.——
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

*Enter* HERMIA.

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence:
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
*Lys.* Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

*Her.*

*Her.* What love could press Lysander from my side?

*Lys.* Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery o's and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

*Her.* You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

*Hel.* Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All school-day friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our neelds created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries molded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;

Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest,
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.
*Her.* I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.
*Hel.* Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot),
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.
*Her.* I understand not what you mean by this.
*Hel.* Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other, hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carry'd, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.

But,

But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.
*Lys.* Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
*Hel.* O excellent!
*Her.* Sweet, do not scorn her so.
*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
*Lys.* Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.
*Dem.* I say, I love thee more than he can do.
*Lys.* If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
*Dem.* Quick, come,—
*Her.* Lysander, whereto tends all this?
*Lys.* Away, you Ethiop!
*Dem.* No, no, sir, he'll
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!
*Lys.* Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.
*Her.* Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
*Lys.* Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
*Her.* Do you not jest?

*Hel.* Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.
*Lys.* Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
*Dem.* I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.
*Lys.* What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
*Her.* What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet since night, you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
*Lys.* Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
*Her.* O me! you jugler! oh, you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
*Hel.* Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
*Her.* Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

*Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

*Her.* Lower! hark, again.

*Hel.* Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

*Her.*

*Her.* Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

*Hel.* A foolish heart, that I leave here behind,

*Her.* What, with Lysander?

*Hel.* With Demetrius.

*Lys.* Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

*Dem.* No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

*Hel.* Oh; when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And though she be but little she is fierce.

*Her.* Little again? nothing but low and little:—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

*Dem.* You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

*Lys.* Now she holds it not;
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

*Dem.* Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl. [*Exit* LYSANDER *and* DEM.

*Her.* You, mistress, all this coyl is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* I will not trust you, I:
No longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray:
My legs are longer though, to run away.
*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.
[*Exeunt:* HERMIA *pursuing* HELENA.
*Ob.* This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries willingly.
*Puck.* Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it did so sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
*Ob.* Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometimes rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,

And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

*Puck.* My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial.
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

*Ob.* But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even 'till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit* OBERON.

*Puck.* Up and down, up and down
I will lead them up and down:

I am

I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

*Enter* LYSANDER.

*Lys.* Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
*Puck.* Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
*Lys.* I will be with thee straight.
*Puck.* Follow me then
To plainer ground.
[LYS. *goes out, as following* DEM.

*Enter* DEMETRIUS.

*Dem.* Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? where dost thou hide thy head?
*Puck.* Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.
*Dem.* Yea; art thou there?
*Puck.* Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter* LYSANDER.

*Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
[*Lies down.*
For if but once thou shew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spight.

*Re-enter* PUCK, *and* DEMETRIUS.

*Puck.* Ho, ho, ho! coward, why comest thou not?
*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'st: for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?
*Puck.* Come hither; I am here.
*Dem.* Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold-bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down.*

*Enter* HELENA.

*Hel.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; shine, comforts, from the east;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest:—

And,

And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

*Puck.* Yet but three? come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst, and sad:—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

*Enter* HERMIA.

*Her.* Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, 'till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down.*

*Puck.* On the ground,
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'*s eye.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:

Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [*Exit* PUCK. [*They sleep.*

## *ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*A Wood. Enter Queen of the Fairies,* BOTTOM, *Fairies attending, and the King behind them.*

*Queen.*

COME, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

*Bot.* Where's Pease-blossom?

*Pease.* Ready.

*Bot.* Scratch my head, Pease-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

*Cob.* Ready.

*Bot.* Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd humble bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signior.——Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

*Must.* Ready.

*Bot.*

*Bot.* Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

*Must.* What's your will?

*Bot.* Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

*Queen.* What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in musick: let us have the tongs and the bones.

*Queen.* Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

*Bot.* Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

*Queen.* I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Queen.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

OBERON *advances.* *Enter* PUCK.

*Ob.* Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowret's eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience.
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of the Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen

Be, as thou was wont to be;
[*Touching her Eyes with an Herb.*
See, as thou was wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.
*Queen.* My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.
*Ob.* There lies your love.
*Queen.* How came these things to pass?
Oh, how mine eye doth loath his visage now!
*Ob.* Silence, a while.———Robin, take off this head.——
Titania, musick call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.
*Queen.* Musick, ho! musick; such as charmeth sleep.
*Puck.* When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
*Ob.* Sound, musick. [*Still musick.*] Come my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:
There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

*Puck.* Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
*Ob.* Then my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
*Queen.* Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Wind Horns within.*

*Enter* THESEUS, EGEUS, HIPPOLITA, *and Train.*

*The.* Go, one of you, find out the forester;——
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds:—
Uncouple in the western valley; go;—
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.——
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
*Hip.* I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry; I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
*The.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,

So

So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells;
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are these?

*Ege.* My lord; this is my daughter here asleep;
And this Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder at their being here together.

*The.* No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

*Ege.* It is, my lord.

*The.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

*Horns, and Shout within;* DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *wake and start up.*

*The.* Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

*Lys.* Pardon, my lord. [*They all kneel to* THESEUS.

*The.* I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies;

How

How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
*Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: But, as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, were we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.
*Ege.* Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough;
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife: and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
*Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I, in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power
(But by some power it is), my love to Hermia,
Melted as is the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia;

But,

But, like a sickness, did I loathe this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
*The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.—
Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come Hippolita. [*Exeunt* THE. HIP. *and Train.*
*Dem.* These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
*Her.* Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.
*Hel.* So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.
*Dem.* Are you sure
That we are awake?—it seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
*Her.* Yea; and my father.
*Hel.* And Hippolita.
*Lys.* And he did bid us follow to the temple.
*Dem.* Why then, we are awake; let's follow him;
And,

And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

*As they go out,* BOTTOM *awakes.*

*Bot.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*—Hey, ho! —Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,——But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

## *SCENE II.*

*Athens.* QUINCE'S *House. Enter* QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

*Quin.* Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

226

*Star.*

*Star.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

*Flu.* If he come not, then the play is marr'd: It goes not forward, doth it?

*Quin.* It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

*Flu.* No; he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft-man in Athens.

*Quin.* Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

*Flu.* You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of nought.

*Enter* SNUG.

*Snug.* Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

*Flu.* O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scap'd six-pence a-day: an the duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserv'd it: six-pence a day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

*Enter* BOTTOM.

*Bot.* Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

*Quin.* Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me

me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

*Quin.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

*Bot.* Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go away. [*Exeunt.*

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## *ACT V. SCENE I.*

*The Palace. Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EGEUS, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, &c.*

*Hippolita.*

'TIS strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

*The.* More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen, have such seething brains,

Such

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold:
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy;
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

*Hip.* But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

*Enter* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

*The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!
*Lys.* More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!
*The.* Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
*Philost.* Here, mighty Theseus.
*The.* Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What mask? what musick? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
*Philost.* There is a brief, how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Giving a Paper.*
*The. reads.*] *The battle of the Centaurs, to be sung*
*By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*
We'll none of that: that I have told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
*The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,*
*Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death*
*Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*
That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,*
*And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.*
Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
*Philost.* A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
*The.* What are they that do play it?
*Philost.* Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
*The.* And we will hear it.
*Philost.* No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;

Unless

Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

*The.* I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* PHILOST.

*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

*The.* Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

*Hip.* He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

*The.* The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love

Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

*Enter* PHILOSTRATE.

*Philost.* So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.

*The.* Let him approach. [*Flour. Trum.*

*Enter the Prologue.*

Prol. *If we offend, it is with our good will.*
*That you should think, we come not to offend,*
*But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,*
*That is the true beginning of our end.*
*Consider then, we come but in despite.*
*We do not come, as minding to content you,*
*Our true intent is. All for your delight,*
*We are not here. That you should here repent you.*
*The actors are at hand; and, by their show,*
*You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

*The.* This fellow doth not stand upon points.

*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Hip.* Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue, like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

*The.* His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all disordered. Who is next?

*Enter*

*Enter* PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, *and* LION, *as in dumb Show.*

*Prol.* " Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this
" show;
" But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
" This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
" This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
" This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
" Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers
" sunder:
" And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are
" content
" To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
" This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
" Presenteth moonshine: for, if you will know,
" By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
" To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
" This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,
" The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
" Did scare away, or rather did affright:
" And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
" Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
" Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
" And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
" Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
" He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
" And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
" His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
" Let

" Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
" At large discourse, while here they do remain."
[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

*The.* I wonder if the lion be to speak.

*Dem.* No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

*Wall.* " In this same interlude, it doth befall,
" That I one Snout by name, present a wall:
" And such a wall, as I would have you think,
" That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
" Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
" Did whisper often very secretly.
" This lome, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth
" shew
" That I am that same wall; the truth is so;
" And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
" Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper:"

*The.* Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

*Dem.* It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

*The.* Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

*Enter* PYRAMUS.

*Pyr.* " O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so
" black!
" O night, which ever art, when day is not!
" O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
" I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—
" And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
" That

" That stand'st between her father's ground and
" mine;
" Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
" Shew me thy chink to blink through with mine
" eyne.
" Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for
" this!
" But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
" O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
" Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

*The.* The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

*Pyr.* No, in troth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is Thisby's cue; she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

*Enter* THISBE.

*This.* " O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
" For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
" My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones:
" Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

*Pyr.* " I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
" To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
" Thisby!"

*This.* " My love: thou art my love, I think."

*Pyr.* " Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
" grace;
" And like Limander am I trusty still."

*This.*

*This.* "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."
*Pyr.* "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."
*This.* "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."
*Pyr.* "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile
"wall."
*This.* "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."
*Pyr.* "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me
"straightway?
*This.* "Tide life, tide death, I come without de-
"lay."
*Wall.* "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
"And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

*Exeunt* WALL, PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE.

*The.* Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

*Dem.* No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

*Hip.* This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

*The.* The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

*Hip.* It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

*The.* If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon, and a lion.

*Enter* LION *and* MOONSHINE.

*Lion.* "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do
"fear

"The

" The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on
" floor,
" May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
" When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
" Then know, that I, as Snug the joiner, am
" A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
" For if I should as lion come in strife
" Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

*The.* A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

*Dem.* The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

*Lys.* This lion is a very fox for his valour.

*The.* True; and a goose for his discretion.

*Dem.* Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

*The.* His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

*Moon.* " This lantern doth the horned moon pre-
" sent:

*Dem.* He should have worn the horns on his head.

*The.* He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

*Moon.* " This lantern doth the horned moon pre-
" sent;
" Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be."

*The.* This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man

man should be put into the lantern; how is it else the man i' the moon?

*Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle; for you see, it is already in snuff.

*Hip.* I am weary of this moon: Would, he would change!

*The.* It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtsey, in all reason, we must stay the time.

*Lys.* Proceed, moon.

*Moon.* All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

*Dem.* Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

*Enter* THISBE.

*This.* "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my "love?"

*Lion.* "Oh—" [*The lion roars.* THISBE *runs off.*

*Dem.* Well roar'd, lion.

*The.* Well run, Thisbe.

*Hip.* Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

*The.* Well mous'd, lion.

*Dem.* And then came Pyramus.

*Lys.* And so the lion vanish'd.

*Enter*

*Enter* PYRAMUS.

*Pyr.* " Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny
" beams;
" I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:
" For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
" I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
" But stay;—O spight!
" But mark;—Poor knight,
" What dreadful dole is here?
" Eyes, do you see?
" How can it be?
" O dainty duck? O dear!
" Thy mantle good,
" What, stain'd with blood?
" Approach, ye furies fell!
" O fates! come, come!
" Cut thread and thrum;
" Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

*The.* This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

*Hip.* Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

*Pyr.* " O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions
" frame?
" Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
" Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
" That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd
" with cheer.
" Come tears, confound;
" Out sword and wound

" The

" The pap of Pyramus:
" Ay, that left pap,
" Where heart doth hop:—
" Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
" Now am I dead,
" Now am I fled;
" My soul is in the sky:
" Tongue, lose thy light!
" Moon take thy flight!
" Now, die, die, die, die, die."

[*Dies.* *Exit* MOONSHINE.

*Dem.* No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

*Lys.* Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

*The.* With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

*Hip.* How chance the moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

*The.* She will find him by star-light—

*Enter* THISBE.

Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

*Hip.* Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she'll be brief.

*Dem.* A moth will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

*Lys.* She hath spied him already, with those sweet eyes.

*Dem.* And thus she moans, *videlicet.*

*This.*

*This.* " Asleep, my love?
" What, dead, my dove?
" O Pyramus, arise,
" Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
" Dead, dead? A tomb
" Must cover thy sweet eyes.
" These lily brows,
" This cherry nose,
" These yellow cowslip cheeks,
" Are gone, are gone;
" Lovers, make moan!
" His eyes were green as leeks.
" O sisters three,
" Come, come, to me,
" With hands as pale as milk;
" Lay them in gore,
" Since you have shore
" With shears his thread of silk.
" Tongue, not a word:
" Come, trusty sword;
" Come blade, my breast imbrue:
" And farewel, friends;—
" Thus Thisby ends:
" Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies.*

*The.* Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

*Dem.* Ay, and wall too.

*Bot.* No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?

*The.*

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is truly; and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Burgomask: let your epilogue alone. [*Here a Dance of Clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time. 364
I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn
As much as we this day have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE II.*

*Enter* PUCK.

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf beholds the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.

Now

Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their train.*

*Ob.* Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.
*Tit.* First, rehearse this song by rote,
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG *and* DANCE.

*Ob.* Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.

To

To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gate;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace:
Ever shall it safely rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and train.*

Puck. *If we shadows have offended,*
*Think but this and (all is mended,)*
*That you have but slumber'd here,*
*While these visions did appear.*
*And this weak and idle theme,*
*No more yielding but a dream,*
*Gentles, do not reprehend;*
*If you pardon, we will mend.*

*And*

*And, as I'm an honest Puck,*
*If we have unearned luck*
*Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,*
*We will make amends, ere long:*
*Else the Puck a liar call,*
*So, good night unto you all.*
*Give me your hands, if we be friends,*
*And Robin shall restore amends.* 439

[*Exit.*

THE END.

M.Brown delin.t Thornthwaite, Sculp.t

Mrs. WARREN in the Character of HELENA.

*You must know*
*I am supposed dead. —*

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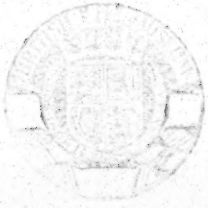

Bell's Edition.

# ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

BY

# Will. Shakspere:

*Printed Complete from the TEXT of*

*SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,*

And revised from the last Edition.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes,
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

*LONDON:*

PRINTED FOR

JOHN CAWTHORN, NO. 5, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND,

BOOKSELLER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1812.

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# OBSERVATIONS

## ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

# *ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.*

---

THE story of *All's Well That Ends Well*, or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, *Love's Labour Wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccase, but it came immediately to Shakspere from *Painter's Gilletta of Narbon*, in the first volume of the *Palace of Pleasure*, 4to. 1598, p. 282. FARMER.

This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable; and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspere.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time. JOHNSON.

---

## Dramatis Personæ.

### *MEN.*

*King of France.*
*Duke of Florence.*
BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*
LAFEU, *an old Lord.*
PAROLLES, *a parasitical Follower of* BERTRAM; *a Coward, but vain, and a great Pretender to Valour.*
*Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine War.*
*Steward,* } *Servants to the Countess of Rousillon.*
*Clown,* }

### *WOMEN.*

*Countess of Rousillon, Mother to Bertram.*
HELENA, *Daughter to Gerrard de Narbon, a famous Physician, some time since dead.*
*An old Widow of Florence.*
DIANA, *Daughter to the Widow.*
VIOLENTA, } *Neighbours and Friends to the Widows.*
MARIANA, }

*Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

SCENE *lies partly in France; and partly in Tuscany.*

The Persons were first enumerated by Rowe.

# ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

## *ACT I. SCENE I.*

*The Countess of Rousillon's House in France. Enter* BERTRAM, *the Countess of Rousillon,* HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *all in black.*

*Countess.*

In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

*Laf.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father. He, that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold

his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than slack it where there is such abundance.

*Count.* What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

*Laf.* How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

*Count.* He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

*Laf.* He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could have been set up against mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

*Laf.* A fistula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

*Count.*

*Count.* His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her disposition she inherits which makes fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How understand we that?

*Count.* Be thou blest Bertram, and succeed thy father

In manners as in shape! thy blood, and virtue
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under

Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;
'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord,
Advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best,
That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit Countess.*

*Ber.* [*To* HELENA.] The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.
[*Exeunt* BER. *and* LAF.

*Hel.* Oh, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:

The

The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty tho' a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour;——
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

*Enter* PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward:
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*Par.* Save you, fair queen.

*Hel.* And you, monarch.

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And, no——

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity?

*Hel.* Ay: you have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

*Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he assails; and our viginity, tho' valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

*Par.* There is none: man sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from under-miners and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

*Par.* Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion: away with it.

*Hel.* I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

*Par.* There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offender against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking.

*Par.* Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying. The longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion: richly suited, but unsuitable; just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill; it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it? 179

*Hel.* Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A cousellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his discord dulcet;
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms, 189
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he——
I know not, what he shall:—God send him well!
The court's a learning place;—and he is one——

*Par.* What one, i'faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well——'Tis pity——

*Par.* What's pity?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in't,

Which

Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit Page.*

*Par.* Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

*Hel.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

*Par.* Under Mars, I.

*Hel.* I especially think, under Mars.

*Par.* Why under Mars.

*Hel.* The wars have kept you so under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

*Par.* Why think you so?

*Hel.* You go so much backward, when you fight.

*Par.* That's for advantage.

*Hel.* So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

*Par.* I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtier's counsel,

counsel, and understand what advice shall trust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee; so farewell. [*Exit.*

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been, cannot be. Whoever strove
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

## *SCENE II.*

*Changes to the Court of France. Flourish Cornets. Enter The King of France, with Letters and divers Attendants.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.

*King.* Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it,
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria;
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love, and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For ample credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer;
And Florence is deny'd before he comes:
Yet for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

1 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes here?

*Enter* BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

*King.* Youth, thou bears't thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

*King.* I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship

First

First try'd our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords, but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them; unnoted,
Ere they can hide their own levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak: and, at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

*King.* Would, I were with him! He would always say
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them

To grow there and to bear)—*Let me not live*——
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out—*let me not live* (quoth he,)
*After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff,*
*Of younger spirits; whose apprehensive senses*
*All but new things disdain; whose judgments are*
*Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies*
*Expire before their fashions:*——This he wish'd.
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourer room.

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

*King.* I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six months since, my lord.

*King.* If he were living, I would try him yet;
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure—Welcome, count,
My son's no dearer.

*Ber.* Thank your majesty. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

---

*SCENE*

## SCENE III.

*A Room in the Count's Palace. Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.*

*Count.* I will not hear, what say you of this gentlewoman?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, sir.

*Clo.* No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd: but, if I have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good-will in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clo.* In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage; and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, 'till I have issue of my body: for, they say, bearns are blessings.

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo.* Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

*Clo.* I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clo.* You are shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a weary of. He, that eares my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherisheth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i'the herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and a calumnious knave?

*Clo.*

*Clo.* A prophet, I, madam; I speak the truth the next way:——

"For I the ballad will repeat, which men full
"true shall find;
"Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckoo
"sings by kind."

*Count.* Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I mean to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

*Clo.* "Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, [*Singing.*
"Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
"Fond done, done fond;
"Was this king Priam's joy?
"With that she sighed as she stood,
"And gave this sentence then;
"Among nine bad if one be good,
"Among nine bad if one be good,
"There's yet one good in ten."

*Count.* What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would, God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'l an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

*Count.*

*Count.* You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

*Clo.* That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart—I am going, forsooth. The business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

*Count.* Well, now.

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

*Count.* Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me: and she herself, without other advantage may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing to her than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in: which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; silence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

*Count.*

*Count.* You have discharg'd this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

*Enter* HELENA.

*Count.* Even so it was with me, when I was young:
If we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;
It is the shew and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is imprest in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, O! then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.——

*Hel.* What is your pleasure, madam?

*Count.* You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

*Hel.* Mine honourable mistress.

*Count.* Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? when I said, a mother,
Methought, you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,

Yet

Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?——that you are my daughter?
*Hel.* That I am not.
*Count.* I say, I am your mother.
*Hel.* Pardon, madam.
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.——
*Count.* Nor I your mother?
*Hel.* You are my mother, madam; would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother),
Indeed, my mother!—or, were you both our mothers
I care no more for, than I do for heaven.
So I were not his sister: can't no other,
But I, your daughter, he must be my brother?
*Count.* Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother
So strive upon your pulse? What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness.—Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is asham'd,

Against

Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then 'tis so:—For, look, thy cheeks
Confess it one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected; speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue:
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me!

*Count.* Do you love my son?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress!

*Count.* Love you my son?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam?

*Count.* Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

*Hel.* Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him;
Yet never know, how that desert should be.
I know, I love in vain, strive against hope;

Yet,

Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity
To her, whose taste is such, that cannot choose
But lend, and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that, her search implies;
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

*Hel.* Madam, I had.

*Count.* Wherefore? tell true.

*Hel.* I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare, and prov'd effects; such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me,
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note! amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The king is render'd lost.

*Count.* This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* My lord your son made me think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.
*Count.* But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?
*Hel.* There's something hints
More than my father's skill (which was the greatest
Of his profession), that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.
*Count.* Dost thou believe't?
*Hel.* Ay, madam, knowingly.
*Count.* Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means, and attendants; and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court:—I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Begone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.
[*Exeunt.*

## *ACT II. SCENE I.*

*The Court of France. Enter the King, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine War.* BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES. *Flourish Cornets.*

*King.*

FAREWELL, young lords: these warlike principles
Do not throw from you; and you, my lords, farewell:——
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess, he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

*King.* Those girls of Italy——take heed of them:

They

They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand. Beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

*Both.* Our hearts receive your warnings.

*King.* Farewell. Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a couch.*

1 *Lord.* Oh, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!——

*Par.* 'Tis not his fault; the spark——

2 *Lords.* Oh, 'tis brave wars!

*Par.* Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

*Ber.* I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;

*Too young*, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early*—

*Par.* An thy mind stand to it, buy, steal away bravely.

*Ber.* I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
'Till honour be brought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! by heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

*Par.* Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewell.

*Ber.* I grow to you, and our parting is a tor-tur'd body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!——

*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals.
You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very

sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports of me.

*2 Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

*Par.* Mars doat on you for his novices! what will you do?

*Ber.* Stay; the king——

*Par.* Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords: you have restrain'd yourself with the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so.

*Par.* Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swords-men. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* LAFEU. [LAFEU *kneels.*

*Laf.* Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll fee thee to stand up.

*Laf.* Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask thee mercy for't.

*Laf.* Good faith, across:——but, my good lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

*King.* No.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a
*medecin*,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple
touch
Is powerful to raise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.
*King.* What her is this?
*Laf.* Why, doctor-she: my lord, there's one
arriv'd,
If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see
her
(For that is her demand), and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.
*King.* Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee,
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.
*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* LAFEU.
*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever pro-
logues.
*Laf.* [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in* HELENA.

*King.* This haste hath wings, indeed.
*Laf.* Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well.
[*Exit.*
*King.* Now, fair one, do's your business follow us?
*Hel.* Ay, my good lord. Gerrard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profess, well found.
*King.* I knew him.
*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praise towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own too; more dear I have so:
And hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.
*King.* We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her unaidable estate: I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,

To

To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.
*Hel.* My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.
*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one death to those that wish him live:
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
*Hel.* What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dry'd,
When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.
*King.* I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took, reap thanks for their reward.
*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:

It

It is not so with him, that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

*Hel.* The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

*King.* Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak,
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, saves another way.

Thy

Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.
*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd! Not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promise me?
*King.* Make thy demand.
*Hel.* But will you make it even?
*King.* Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.
*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of the state:
But such a one thy vassal; whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.
*King.* Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So, make the choice of thine own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must;
(Tho' more to know, could not be more to trust:)
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on—But rest

Unques-

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE II.*

*Rousillon. Enter Countess and Clown.*

*Count.* Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

*Clo.* I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

*Count.* But to the court? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

*Clo.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put's off cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatck-buttock, the brown-buttock, or any buttock.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk,

punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

*Clo.* From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me, if I am a courtier; —it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

*Clo.* O Lord, sir——There's a simple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir——Thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir——Nay, put me to to't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir——Spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, as you are whipping, and *spare not me?* indeed, your *O Lord, sir*,

*sir*, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, sir:* I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir—why, there't serves well again.

*Count.* An end, sir; to your business: Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son:
This is not much.

*Clo* Not much commendation to them.

*Count.* Not much employment for you: You understand me.

*Clo.* Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE III.*

*The Court of France. Enter* BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

*Laf.* They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconsing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

*Par.* Why, 'tis the rarest of wonder, that hath shot you in our later times.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* And so 'tis.
*Laf.* To be relinquish'd of the artists——
*Par.* So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.
*Laf.* Of all the learn'd and authentic fellows—
*Par.* Right, so I say.
*Laf.* That gave him out incurable——
*Par.* Why, there 'tis; so say I too.
*Laf.* Not to be help'd——
*Par.* Right; as 'twere, a man assur'd of an——
*Laf.* Uncertain life, and sure death——
*Par.* Just, you say well; so would I have said.
*Laf.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
*Par.* It is indeed: if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in, what do you call there?
*Laf.* A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.
*Par.* That's it, I would have said; the very same.
*Laf.* Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect——
*Par.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinerous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—
*Laf.* Very hand of heaven.
*Par.* Ay, so I say.
*Laf.* In a most weak——
*Par.* And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king; as to be——
*Laf.* Generally thankful.

*Enter King,* HELENA, *and Attendants.*

*Par.* I would have said it; you said well. Here comes the king.

*Laf.* Lustick, as the Dutchman says. I'll like a maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lend her a corranto.

*Par. Mort du Vinaigre!* is not this Helen?

*Laf.* 'Fore God, I think so.

*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter three or four Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please! marry, to each but one!

*Laf.* I'd give bay curtal and his furniture.
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,
And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well;
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

[*She*

[*She addresses herself to a Lord.*

*Hel.* Gentlemen,
Heaven, hath, through me, restored the king to health.

*All.* We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.——
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
"We blush that thou should choose, but be refus'd;
"Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
"We'll ne'er come there again."

*King.* Make choice; and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial *Love*, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, sir;——all the rest is mute.

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames ace for my life.

*Hel.* The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threatingly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

*Laf.* Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipt; or I would

send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake;
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too good, to make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

*Laf.* There's one grape yet—I am sure, thy father drunk wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guided power. This is the man.

[*To* BERTRAM.

*King.* Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she hath done for me?

*Ber.* Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

*King.* Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;

She

She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

*King* 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences, so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter), thou disliks't
Of virtue for the name: but do not so.
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed.
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name, vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself, as honour's born,
And is not like the sire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad: Let the rest go.——

*King.* My honour's at the stake; which to defend,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprison shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam: that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge, and hate
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it; I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king! who, so enobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

*King.*

*King.* Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not in thy estate,
A balance more replete.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new born brief,
And be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but* PAROLLES *and* LAFU.

*Laf.* Do you hear, monsieur, a word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation?——My lord? my master?

*Laf.* Ay, Is it not a language I speak?

*Par.* A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

*Laf.* Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

*Par.* To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

*Par.* You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.——

*Laf.* I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be

be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass; yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee——

*Laf.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if——Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not 'bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.——

*Laf.* E'en as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and

and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me: scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*Re-enter* LAFEU.

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord; whom I serve above, is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God?

*Par.* Ay, sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou was created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond,

vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

*Enter* BERTRAM.

*Par.* Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*Par.* What is the matter, sweet heart?

*Ber.* Altho' before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what, sweet heart?

*Ber.* O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

*Par.* France is a dog hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known: to the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war.

*Ber.* It shall be so; I'll send her to my house;
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,

And

And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

*Par.* Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.— 'Tis hard:
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd;
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE IV.*

*Enter* HELENA, *and Clown.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

*Clo.* She is not well, but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she's not well: but, thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'the world: but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

*Clo.* Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things?

*Clo.* One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

*Enter*

*Enter* PAROLLES.

*Par.* Bless you my fortunate lady!

*Hel.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave, how does my old lady? 639

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would, she did, as you say.

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry, you are the miser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, thou'rt a knave.

*Clo.* You should have said, sir, before a knave, thou art a knave: that's, before me thou art a knave; this had been truth, sir. 651

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

*Clo.* Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i'faith, and well fed—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night: 660
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and right of love,
Which as your due, time claims, he doth acknowledge;

But

But puts it off by a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure down the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o'the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthened with what apology, you think,
May make it probable need.

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That having this obtained, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In every thing I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so. [*Exit* PAROLLES.

*Hel.* I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*To Clown.*

[*Exeunt.*

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## *SCENE V.*

*Enter* LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

*Laf.* But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I have then sinned against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

*Enter* PAROLLES.

*Par.* These things shall be done, sir.

*Laf.* I pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O, I know him well: Ay, sir, he, sir's, a good workman, a very good tailor.

*Ber.* Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to* PAROL.

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to-night?

*Par.* As you'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given orders for our horses; and to-night
When I should take possession of the bride—
And, ere I do begin——

*Laf.* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.——God save you, captain.

*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur.

*Par.* I know not, how I have deserv'd to run into my lord's displeasure.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

*Ber.* It may be, you have mistaken him my lord.

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur, I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

*Par.* An idle lord, I swear.——

*Ber.* I think so.

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

*Enter* HELENA.

*Hel.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not

For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shews itself at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Giving a Letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.
*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.
*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.
*Hel.* And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein towards me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
*Ber.* Let That go:
My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.
*Hel.* Pray sir, your pardon.
*Ber.* Well, what would you say?
*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own,
*Ber.* What would you have?
*Hel.* Something, and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.——
I would not tell you what I would; my lord—faith, yes;——
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
*Ber.* I pray you, stand not, but in haste to horse.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good my lord. [*Exit* HELENA.

*Ber.* Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.

Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.
*Par.* Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

## *ACT III. SCENE I.*

*The Duke's Court in Florence. Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords with Soldiers.*

*Duke.*

So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found

Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guest.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day
Come here for physick.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell;
To-morrow, to the field. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE II.*

*Rousillon in France. Enter Countess and Clown.*

*Count.* It hath happened all as I would have had it; save that he comes not along with her.

*Clo.* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you?

*Clo.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Reads the Letter.*

*Clo.* I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court. Our old ling, and our Isbels o' the country, are nothing like your old ling, and your Isbels

bels o' the court: the brain of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here?

*Clo.* E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

*Countess reads a Letter.*

*I have sent you a daughter-in-law; she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her: and swore to make the* not *eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate son,*

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

*Count.* Why should he be kill'd?

*Clo.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children

children. Here they come, will tell you more.
For my part, I only hear, your son was run away.

*Enter* HELENA, *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.
*Hel.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.—
2 *Gen.* Do not say so.
*Count.* Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen——
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son, I pray you?
2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.
*Hel.* Look on this letter, madam; here's my passport.

*When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off; and shew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a* Then *I write a* Never!

This is a dreadful sentence.
*Count.* Brought you this letter, gentlemen?
1 *Gen.* Ay, madam;
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.
*Count.* I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer:
If thou engrossest all the griefs as thine,

Thou

Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?
2 *Gen.* Ay, madam;
*Count.* And to be a soldier?
2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.
*Count.* Return you thither?
1 *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France!* [*Reading.*
'Tis bitter.
*Count.* Find you that there?
*Hel.* Ay, madam.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which
His heart was not consenting to.
*Count.* Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?
1 *Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.
*Count.* Parolles, was't not?
1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.
*Count.* A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.
1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady,

The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

*Count.* You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

*Count.* Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France!*
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it, I,
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Was shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O, you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And, tho' I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere,
I met the ravening lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere,
That

That all the miseries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon;
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar;
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night! end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.
[*Exit.*

## *SCENE III.*

*The Duke's Court in Florence. Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence,* BERTRAM, *Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers, and* PAROLLES.

*Duke.* The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then go forth,
And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

*Ber.* This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## *SCENE IV.*

*Rousillon in France. Enter Countess and Steward.*

*Count.* Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do, as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

### *LETTER.*

Stew. *I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;*
*Ambitious love hath so in me offended,*
*That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,*
*With sainted vow my faults to have amended.*
*Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war*
*My dearest master, your dear son may hie;*
*Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far*
*His name with zealous fervour sanctify.* 193
*His taken labours bid him me forgive;*
*I, his despightful Juno, sent him forth*
*From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;*
*Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.*
*He is too good and fair for death and me,*
*Whom I myself embrace to set him free.*

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much, 201
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
*Stew.* Pardon me, madam:

If

If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.
*Count.* What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greater justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:——
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction: Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, sorrow bids me speak.
[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE V.*

*Without the Walls of Florence. A Tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence,* DIANA, VIOLENTA, *and* MARIANA, *with other Citizens.*

*Wid.* Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

*Dia.* They say, the French count hast done most honourable service.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has ta'en their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

*Mar.* Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*Wid.* I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

*Mar.* I know the knave (hang him!) one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Enter* HELENA, *disguis'd like a Pilgrim.*

*Wid.* I hope so——Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know, she will lie at my house: thither they

they send one another. I'll question her:
God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?
*Hel.* To St. Jacques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?
*Wid.* At the St. Francis here, beside the port.
*Hel.* Is this the way? [*A March afar off.*
*Wid.* Ay, marry, is it. Hark you!
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.
*Hel.* Is it yourself?
*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.
*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
*Wid.* You came, I think, from France.
*Hel.* I did so.
*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That hath done worthy service.
*Hel.* His name, I pray you.
*Dia.* The count Rousillon: Know you such a one?
*Hel.* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him!
His face I know not.
*Dia.* Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported; for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?
*Hel.* Ay, surely, meer the truth; I know his lady.

*Dia.* There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.
*Hel.* What's his name?
*Dia.* Monsieur Parolles.
*Hel.* Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praise or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
*Dia.* Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
*Wid.* Ay! right: good creature! wheresoe'er she is
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.
*Hel.* How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
*Wid.* He does, indeed;
And brokes with all, that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter with Drum and Colours,* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*

*Mar.* The gods forbid else!
*Wid.* So, now they come?——
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?
*Dia.* He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honester,
He were much goodlier.—Is't not a handsome gentleman?
*Hel.* I like him well.
*Dia.* 'Tis pity, he is not honest: yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.
*Hel.* Which is he?
*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?
*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.
*Par.* Lose our drum! well.——
*Mar.* He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look, he has spied us.
*Wid.* Marry, hang you!
[*Exeunt* BER. PAR. *&c.*
*Mar.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!—
*Wid.* The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you,
Where you shall host: Of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
*Hel.* I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.
*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE VI.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, *and the two French Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble. 348

*Ber.* Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman; he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you. 359

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination;

nation; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

*2 Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal his counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

*Enter* PAROLLES.

*1 Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

*Ber.* How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

*2 Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

*Par.* But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

*2 Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success; some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

*Par.* It might have been recover'd.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* It might; but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*——

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know thou art valiant; and to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

*Par.* I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows

knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week escape a great deal of discoveries: but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

*Ber.* Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almost imboss'd him, you shall see his fall to-night? for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

2 *Lord.* I must go and look up my twigs; he shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't please your lordship. I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you
The lass I spoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you say, she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i'the wind,
Tokens

Tokens and letters, which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?
1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE VII.*

*Florence. The Widow's House. Enter* HELENA, *and Widow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further;
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.
*Wid.* Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
*Hel.* Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn council I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.
*Wid.* I should believe you;
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.
*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The gentle count he woes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves

Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny,
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
*Wid.* Now I see the bottom of your purpose.
*Hel.* You see it lawful then. It is no more.
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time.
Herself most chastly absent; after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.
*Wid.* I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With music of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.
*Hel.* Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it.—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT

## *ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*Part of the French Camp in Florence. Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six Soldiers in Ambush.*

*Lord.*

He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one amongst us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

*Sol.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

*Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

*Sol.* No, sir, I warrant you.

*Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

*Sol.* Even such as you speak to me.

*Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak to one another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

*Enter*

*Enter* PAROLLES.

*Par.* Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say, I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue. 33

*Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give: Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils. 46

*Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*

*Par.* I would, the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

*Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

*Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*

*Par.* Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stript.

*Lord.* Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

*Par.* Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel——

*Lord.* How deep? [*Aside.*

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

*Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believ'd. [*Aside.*

*Par.* I would, I had any drum of the enemies; I would swear I recover'd it.

*Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

*Par.* A drum now of the enemies!

[*Alarum within.*

Lord. *Throcamovousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

*Par.* Oh ransom, ransom:—do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize and blindfold him.*

Inter. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

*Par.* I know you are the Mosko's regiment.
And I shall lose my life for want of language,
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

Inter. *Boskos vauvado:*——
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
*Kerylybonto:*—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poinards
Are at thy bosom.

*Par.* Oh!

*Inter.* Oh, pray, pray, pray.
*Mane a revania dulche.*

Lord. *Osceoribi du chos volivorcho.*

*Inter.*

*Inter.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.
*Par.* Oh let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew;
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.
*Inter.* But wilt thou faithfully?
*Par.* If I do not, damn me.
Inter. *Acordo linta.*
Come on, thou art granted space.
[*Exit with* PAR.
[*A short Alarum within.*
*Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them.
*Sol.* Captain, I will.
*Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves,
Inform 'em that.
*Sol.* So I will, sir.
*Lord.* 'Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lockt.
[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE II.*

*The Widow's House. Enter* BERTRAM, *and* DIANA.

*Ber.* They told me that your name was Fontibell.
*Dia.* No, my good lord, Diana.

*Ber.* Titled goddess,
And worth it with addition! But, fair soul,
In you fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.
*Dia.* She then was honest.
*Ber.* So should you be.
*Dia.* No.
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
*Ber.* No more of that?
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us,
'Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our barenness.
*Ber.* How have I sworn?
*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth,
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not 'bides,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When

When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unseal'd;
At least in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it:
Be not so holy cruel. Love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desire,
Who then recovers. Say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

*Dia.* I see, that men make hopes in such affairs
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my lord?

*Ber.* It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring:

My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, 'till then; fail not: You have won
A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.
*Ber.* A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*
*Dia.* For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.——
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

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*SCENE*

## *SCENE III.*

*The Florentine Camp. Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially, he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown: and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And, as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd

abhorr'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he hath set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him, 'till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to St. Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd: and there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself (which could not be her office to say, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

*Enter a Servant.*

How now? where's your master?

*Serv.* He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendation to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

*Enter*

*Enter* BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness, Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy: and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer deeds: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

*Ber.* I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: He has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber.* No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordship already: the stocks carry him, But to answer you as you would be understood: he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster

aster of his sitting i' the stocks; and what think you, he hath confest?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your lordship be in't, as, I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Re-enter Soldiers with* PAROLLES.

*Ber.* A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Pariotartarossa.*

*Inter.* He calls for the tortures: What will you say without 'em?

*Par.* I will confess what I know without constaint; if you pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

Inter. *Bosko Chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

*Inter.* You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

Inter. *First demand of him, how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that?

*Par.* Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable; the troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues; upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

*Inter.* Shall I set down your answer so?

*Par.* Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to him.

*Ber.* What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceiv'd, my lord; this is Monsieur

Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly,

*Inter.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse I said (I will say true), or thereabouts, set down; for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

*Inter.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Inter. *Demand of him of what strength they are a foot.*
What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true, Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jacques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

*Inter.* Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt.* What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

*Inter.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

*Par.* I know him: he was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, *nay:*

[DUMAIN *lifts up his hand in anger.*

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

*Inter.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

*Inter.* What is his reputation with the duke?

*Par.* The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other

day to turn him out of the band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

*Inter.* Marry, we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

*Inter.* Here 'tis; here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know, if it be it, or no.

*Ber.* Our Interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

*Inter.* Dian. *The count's a fool and full of gold.*

*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

*Inter.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable! both sides rogue.

*Interpreter reads the Letter.*

*When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.*
*After he scores, he never pays the score:*

*Half*

*Half won, is match well made; match, and well*
*make it:*
*He ne'er pays after debts; take it before;*
*And say, a soldier* (Dian) *told thee this:*
*Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiss.*
*For, count of this, the count's a fool, I know it;*
*Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.*

*Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear.*

PAROLLES.

*Ber.* He shall be whipp'd thro' the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armi-potent soldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

*Inter.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fein to hang you.

*Par.* My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, any where, so I may live.

*Inter.* We'll say what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more, to this captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is he honestly?

*Par.* He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think,

truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

*Inter.* What say you to his expertness in war?

*Par.* Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his soldiership I know not; except in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him! he's a cat still.

*Inter.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt?

*Par.* Sir, for a *quart d' ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

*Inter.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

*Inter.* What's he?

*Par.*

*Par.* E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

*Inter.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

*Inter.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

*Par.* I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken. [*Aside.*

*Inter.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no very honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

*Par.* O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death.

*Inter.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*
So, look about you; know you any here?

*Ber.* Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of that same sonnet you wit to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

*Inter.* You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

*Inter.* If you can find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

*Par.* Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft,
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

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*SCENE*

## *SCENE IV.*

*Changes to the Widow's House at Florence. Enter* HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA.

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.
*Wid.* Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose rust
Your business was more welcome,
*Hel.* Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband: But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts

Defiles

Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet, I pray you:
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away:
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;
*All's Well that Ends Well;* still the *fine*'s the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE V.*

*Rousillon. Enter Countess,* LAFEU, *and Clown.*

*Laf.* No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt taffata fellow there; whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tail'd humble bee I speak of.

*Count.* I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans

groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand sallets, ere we light on such another herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the sallet, or rather the herb of grace.

*Laf.* They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

*Clo.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave or a fool?

*Clo.* A fool, sir, at a woman's service; and a knave at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction?

*Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

*Clo.* And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

*Clo.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that? a Frenchman?

*Clo.* Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clo.* The black prince, sir; *alias* the prince of darkness; *alias* the Devil.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to seduce thee from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with a narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

*Laf.* A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

*Count.* So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

*Laf.* I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I mov'd the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness has promis'd me to do it; and, to stop up the dis-

displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

*Count.* It rejoices me, that, I hope, I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me 'till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God, it holds yet.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows: but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Count.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

*Clo.* But it is your carbonado'd face.

*Laf.* Let us see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

## *ACT V. SCENE I.*

*The Court of France at Marseilles. Enter* HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA, *with two Attendants.*

*Helena.*

But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time——

*Enter a Gentleman.*

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.
*Gent.* And you.
*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
*Gent.* I have been sometimes there.
*Hel.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And, therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
*Gent.* What's your will?
*Hel.* That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;

And

And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.
*Gent.* The king's not here.
*Hel.* Not here, sir?
*Gent.* Not, indeed.
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!
*Hel.* *All's well that ends well*, yet;
Tho' time seems so adverse, and means unfit.——
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,
Whither I am going.
*Hel.* I beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
*Gent.* This I'll do for you.
*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er fails more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE II.*

*Rousillon. Enter Clown, and* PAROLLES.

*Par.* Good Mr. Lavatch, give my Lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with

fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of; I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I speak but by a metaphor.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

*Par.* Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool, to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

*Enter* LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or fortune's cat (but not a musk cat), that hath fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[*Exit Clown.*

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would

would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart-d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends: I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more. Come, you shall ha't; save your word.

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

*Laf.* You beg more than one word then. Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

*Par.* O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

*Laf.* Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound Trumpets.*] The king's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE III.*

*Flourish. Enter King, Countess,* LAFEU, *the two French Lords, with Attendants.*

*King.* We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.
*Count.* 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
*King.* My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all:
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
*Laf.* This I must say——
But first I beg my pardon—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.
*King.* Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well——call him hither;
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill

All

All repetition: Let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relicks of it. Let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my liege.

*King.* What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?

*Laf.* All, that he is, hath reference to your highness.

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

*Enter* BERTRAM.

*Laf.* He looks well on't.

*King.* I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart

Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended, or contracted, all proportions
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd:——
That thou dost love her, strikes some scores away
From the great 'compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That is good that is gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and, after, weep their dust:
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now, forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

*Count.* Which better than the first, O dear heaven bless,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested: give a favour from you

To

To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er she took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Her's it was not.

*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it: For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessity'd to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should steal her most?

*Ber.* My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

*Count.* Son, on my life,
I have soen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I am sure, I saw her wear it.

*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

*King.*

*King.* Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed
(Where you have never come), or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
*Ber.* She never saw it.
*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away,
[*Guards seize* BERTRAM.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;
We'll sift this matter further.
*Ber.* If you shall prove,
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy

Prove

Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.

[*Exit* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*King.* I am wrap'd in dismal thinkings.

*Gent.* Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, some four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal grief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

The King reads a Letter.

*Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for justice: Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

DIANA CAPULET.

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this.
I'll none of him.

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To

To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

*Enter* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

I am afraid, the life of Helen (lady),
Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now, justice on the doers!

*King.* I wonder, sir, wives are so monstrous to you;
And that you fly them as you swear to them;
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

*Enter Widow and* DIANA.

*Dian.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, count; do you know these women?

*Ber.* My lord, I neither can, nor will, deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

*Ber.* She's none of mine, my lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;

For

For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

*Laf.* Your reputation comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

[*To* BERTRAM.

*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

*Dia.* Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

*King.* What say'st thou to her?

*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,

Hath

Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thousand proofs.
*King.* Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.
*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.
*Laf.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.
*Ber.* What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd,
Which nature sickens with: but to speak truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?
*King.* She hath that ring of yours.
*Ber.* I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint;
As all impediments in fancy's course,
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
*Dia.* I must be patient:
You, that turn'd off at first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband),
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
*Ber.* I have it not.
*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you?

*Dia.*

*Dia.* Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.
*King.* Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being a bed.
*King.* The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.
*Dia.* I have spoke the truth.

*Enter* PAROLLES.

*Ber.* My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.
*King.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.——
Is this the man you speak of?
*Dia.* It is, my lord.
*King.* Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?
*Par.* So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.
*King.* Come, come, to the purpose? Did he love this woman?
*Par.* 'Faith, sir, he did love her: but how?
*King.* How, I pray you?
*Par.* He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.
*King.* How is that?
*Par.* He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave: What an equivocal companion is this?

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

*Laf.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

*Dia.* Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

*Par.* 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st? 391

*Par.* Yes, so please your majesty, I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of: therefore I will not speak what I know.

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore, stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours? 404

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it then? 410

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

*Dia.*

*Dia.* I never gave it him.

*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* The ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

*Dia.* It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her, and away with him.—— 420
Unless thou tell'st me, where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

*King.* I think thee now some common customer.

*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not. 431
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* LAFEU.

*King.* She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir, [*Exit Widow.*
The jeweller, that owns the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
[*To* BERTRAM.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never arm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd, 440

And

And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

*Enter* HELENA, *and Widow.*

*King.* Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?
*Hel.* No, my good lord;
'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
*Ber.* Both, both; oh, pardon!
*Hel.* Oh, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: This it says,
*When from my finger you can get this ring,*
*And are by me with child,* &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
*Ber.* If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?
[*To the Countess.*
*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief. [*To* PAROLLES.] So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

*King.*

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:——
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
[*To* DIANA.
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kep'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that, and all the progress more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the King.

*The King's a beggar, now the play is done:*
All is well ended, *if this suit be won,*
*That you express content; which we shall pay,*
*With strife to please you, day exceeding day.*
*Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;*
*Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.*

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THE END.

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